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## Original Novelet.

## THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

### A Historical Romance OF FRANCE AND THE SWISS CANTONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.


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### CHAPTER XV.

#### THE VAULTS OF THE HOSTELRY.

When Pierre Bart, after his last interview with the guests whom he had concealed beneath the hostelry, left the subterranean chambers to set forth on his errand with Angela to the mill—luckless errand, indeed, as it resulted to himself—the Frenchman and his daughter remained during many hours without exchanging words. Whether the old man, absorbed in suspicions of his host, chose only to annoy himself by reflections upon his present immurement, or whether, at length, he had become weary of tormenting his unhappy daughter, the latter might not know; nevertheless, she was grateful for respite from her sire's reproaches, and, while he sat sullenly at his table, poring over several scraps of dingy parchment which he had spread before him, and which seemed like rough sketches or maps of roads and fortified places, she permitted her thoughts to dwell unmolested upon the recollection of those bright though fleeting moments, during which she had clasped the child Angela to her bosom.

After so long a silence, when, it might be conceived, the old man was brooding over new methods of venting his impatience or spleen, he suddenly broke forth in a sharp interrogatory to the page Alphonse.

"Boy! did'st note the publican, when he spoke just now? Was there not knavery in his face?"

"Nay, I think Pierre Bart honest," began the stripling, but was cut short by an angry exclamation.

"Prate not of honesty, boy. The knave is a Swiss, and may be even now bargaining with the Burgundian madman for a price, to deliver us into his hands. By'r Lady! he shall find that Godfrey de Varens will not die like an ox, stalled though he be in this underground pit of—"

A sudden clang, as of armor falling upon the ground, caused the old noble to pause without concluding the sentence wherein he had for the first time used his own name. The noise was evidently in an apartment of the hostelry above, apparently proceeding from a distance through the passage which they had descended after leaving Pierre Bart's "best room" by the closet and concealed trap. De Varens, as he had called himself, sprang up suddenly, half-drawing the sword which hung from his belt. The page likewise started and changed color, while the Lady Margaret feebly raised her head from her bosom on which it had been depressed. But no further sound was heard, and the father resumed his seat, though he still grasped his sword-hilt tightly.

"Alphonse, boy," said the noble, "go yonder, through the passage whence we reached this dungeon, and learn, if thou canst, the meaning of that bruit. Did not the knave Bart tell thee that tapers were at hand?"

"In the closet, my lord!" answered the page, as, turning to the place indicated, he took thence a waxed osier, and ignited it at the iron lamp. Then, in obedience to his master's mandate, he proceeded to the passage at the rear of the apartment which they occupied, passing, as he did so, several smaller chambers, or arched recesses, with open doors, in which were rudely constructed couches, denoting them to have been used as dormitories. At the end of the passage he reached a flight of stone steps that he remembered to have descended in following the inn-keeper to their retreat. Arrived at this point, he could plainly distinguish the sound of men's voices in the hostelry, and became satisfied by this that the crash which had startled his master was, without doubt, only the falling of some heavy piece of armor in one of the rooms above. The taper which he held cast light sufficient to enable him to perceive, also, that the stone steps, ascending abruptly, must terminate just beneath the sliding floor of the panelled closet. He mounted them until his forehead struck the wood-work, and, listening a moment, caught the noise of heavy feet, the occasional ring of armor, and the voices of men conversing in the French tongue, but not loud enough to permit his comprehension of what they uttered. Convinced, however, that no cause for apprehension existed in the previous crash, which had alarmed those beneath, he proceeded to retrace his course, and extending his hand to the wall in steadying his steps, felt that it touched an iron knob, which suddenly glittered in the taper's light. Slight as was the pressure that his hand imparted, it was yet sufficiently powerful to move spring, for such it was, and the next instant the flat panel over his head was noiselessly displaced, disclosing the aperture through which he had followed Pierre Bart in the morning. Well was it for Alphonse, at this moment, that the well-lubricated grooves of the trap gave out no grating sound, and quite as fortunate that the closet-door above was firmly closed; else surely the armed men whose voices he could now plainly hear, (since but an oaken panel separated them from the stone steps,) had assuredly been alarmed, and cut short his further explorations. As the case now stood, indeed, it may be fancied Alphonse experienced little desire to pursue his researches, and that, in fact, the open path which he had innocently disclosed became at once a subject of great anxiety to his mind, likely as it was to be discovered by the Burgundians, should one of their number chance but to open the closet door. Stooping cautiously, therefore, he at once extinguished his taper, lest, by any accident, its light might betray him, and then, keeping his fingers still carefully upon the iron knob, reflected a moment upon his situation.

It was evident that the machinery which shifted the paneling was of nice adjustment, as in the movement it had just made not the slightest noise had been audible; nevertheless,—Alphonse paused, and hesitated, ere he again ventured to compress the metallic knob, lest, in the return revolution, some harsh jar should startle those who occupied the "best room," and thus jeopardize the lives of all below the hostelry. More than once the thought of such an effect tempted the page to leave the steps at once, without an effort to replace the flooring, but the fear that some visit to the closet might momentarily take place, revealing the gulf beneath its displaced floor, at length decided him to press the spring forcibly, and then cower noiselessly to the lower steps. But no movement of the machinery followed this second touch. The panels slid not back, and Alphonse, when he again glanced upward, could discern jets of light streaming from the hostelry-room through cracks in the oaken door precisely as before. The page then knew, from his failure, what he might have before suspected, that there must be yet another spring controlling the return motion of the machinery.

He had extinguished his taper, and the passage was now wrapped in gloom; nevertheless, passing his hand in all directions across the heavy beams that formed the framework of the closet, the boy endeavored to discover another knob answering to that which had performed its appropriate function. But in vain he reached and groped in the darkness, fearful, each instant, that some unlucky noise might vibrate through the wood above his head; in vain he sought to trace the grooves whereon the horizontal panel worked; the charmed knob could not be discovered, and the floorway, which had constituted a barrier of safety defending the retreat below, remained still hidden in its secret receptacle, leaving only a gulf, down which the path lay open to all pursuers. Alphonse at length ceased his unavailing scrutiny, and with heavy heart descended to the passage way and sought the presence of his master, to whom he related, with rueful aspect, the unfortunate accident that had occurred.

De Varens scowled upon the youth, and would have broken forth into an imprecation had not Alphonse suddenly made a deprecating gesture, placing his fingers to his lips, as if to warn his imperious master that too loud a tone at this particular juncture might imperil the speaker's safety. The old noble, therefore, was forced to gulp down his rising anger, and demanded, in a much lower key than he had commenced in,

"How, sirrah—thou hast left no wall between us and the blood-hounds without? Speak! is there no door in yonder passage that may bar assault?"

Alphonse replied, with a dismayed look, that there was naught intervening between the room in which they were and the trap-door, save the narrow passage, walled with masonry on either side, which led to it. Nevertheless, the page said it might be defended, should there be need, by barricades of such furniture as could be gathered in the plainly-appointed apartment.

"*D'enfers dieu!*" muttered De Varens, setting his teeth. "Defend, indeed! that the Burgundians may fling firebrands in our midst, and smoke us out like rats. 'Fore God, if there be barricade erected, it shall be of thy brainless skull, thou imp of satan! Hence! light me the taper, and I will see what thou has done, *maudit!*"

Alphonse hastily relit the waxed rod without replying to his irascible master, who, grasping his sword-case in his hand, lest it should rattle as he moved, bade the page go forward once more toward the trap-door. The youth obeyed, proceeding without noise, in which particular he was imitated by the old man, who followed with a like cautious footstep until they gained the stone steps, and paused, as the sound of conversation in the room above, caused De Varens to listen intently.

The voice of a man, full and commanding, penetrated distinctly through the oaken door and open trap.

"I know that there be emissaries of this fox, King Louis, in all my loyal cities," said the voice. "It is his policy to entertain a horde of spies and low-born varlets whom he despatches to all points, with instructions to breed rebellious and dissensions in my dominions. But, by St. Andrew! if the knaves be caught, short shrift shall they have from Charles.

"It is said there be now many of these spies in Liege; and there is, without doubt, one in particular—a trusty instrument of King Louis, who has been traced to the very neighborhood in which we now are. Your grace knows De Varens—a crafty—"

"Ay, my lord of Campo Basso, I know the fellow well. He is of good blood, and was a follower of the Armagnacs in youth, but he sold himself long ago at the price of Judas, or less. Ay, De Varens! I know him well!"

The listeners in the vault heard no response to these last words, but the noise of armed feet passing above assured them that many were together, perhaps in council with Duke Charles. The attentive De Varens, in hearing his own name mentioned, had recognized in the voice of one of the speakers that of the Burgundian himself; and as the page, Alphonse, discerned his master's face in the taper's light, he saw that it was convulsed with suppressed passion. The next moment the old man whispered in a low voice—

"Give me the light, boy, and go thou back whence we came. I shall remain here awhile, since the Burgundians make me their confidant so courteously. Wait thou with thy mistress, and should the Swiss publican again present himself, bring me tidings at once."

So saying, De Varens seated himself upon one of the stone steps, holding the taper in one hand, whilst he grasped his sword-hilt with the other; and Alphonse, obeying his master's mandate, stole silently back to the chamber in which Margaret had remained, silent and sorrowing.

The lady, as Alphonse approached, raised her eyes with a look that bespoke the melancholy current of her thoughts, and the page seemed to answer it by a glance of sympathy. But no word passed between the two during some moments, until Margaret, suddenly starting from her reverie, said, in a low voice,

"Where is he, Alphonse?"

"He bade me return, my lady," answered the page, "while he remained near the secret trap-door."

"Alphonse," whispered the lady, hurriedly, "is there not much doubt if we shall escape from this place? Does not he fear?"

"My lady," answered the page, startled at the solemnity of Margaret's tone, "I trust in the saints that we shall be released. The inn-keeper, I believe, is faithful."

"It may be," said Margaret. "But I have a word to say to thee, ere my father returns. That child—Pierre Bart's child—Alphonse, wilt promise me, if thou shalt leave this place, and I do not—wilt promise to watch over this child Angela, and wherever thou shalt be hereafter, guard her as thou wouldst a sister? Alphonse, wilt promise me?"

The accents of the lady, hurried and low, yet full of energy, riveted the youth's sympathy, and he could not but respond in as earnest a tone:

"I will do whatsoever my dear lady shall command."

"Thanks, thanks, Alphonse!" replied Margaret. "Here, take this," she added, removing from her finger a golden ring, in the centre of which appeared a crystal, covering a dark substance. "It is the *cross*, Alphonse, the true cross, on which I would have thee swear to watch over and protect the child of—Pierre Bart, the inn-keeper. Wilt swear, Alphonse?"

The page received the ring from the hand of his mistress, and, sinking on his knees, kissed it, while he raised his eyes to Heaven. Then, pressing it to his bosom, he murmured, as if in echo of Margaret's words:

"I swear to watch over and protect the child Angela, and to guard her as my sister."

The lady's face was irradiated for a moment with a look of satisfaction, and as Alphonse offered to return the ring to her, she put it back softly, saying,

"Wear it, Alphonse, on thy hand, or next thy heart. It will remind thee of thy solemn vow!"

"When I forget it, may God forget me," exclaimed the youth, lifting his hand in passionate adjuration. "But the ring—the true cross! surely I am not worthy to wear it. Relic so holy is best in my dear lady's keeping."

"Nay, Alphonse, thou wilt wear it for my sake, and some time, when I am no more a sojourner in this world, wherein I have journeyed, alas! so painfully, thou wilt give the token to Angela—and say to her that God watches over the virtuous, and that He is a Father unto the orphan, whether of high or low degree."

THE END OF THE SCOURGING.

Saying this, the lady placed her ring upon the page's hand, he kneeling before her in affectionate reverence; for, indeed, next to the Virgin, whom he had been taught to worship as the Queen of Heaven, and Patroness of all knightly ambition, Alphonse regarded his Lady Margaret as the impersonation of female excellence.—Adopted into the family of De Varens at the age of seven, he had been cherished and protected by that noble's daughter, as the orphan of a kinsman who had fallen in battle; and it was no wonder, then, that the boy, in growing up almost constantly near her, should have learned to look upon her as a kind and lovely mother, or that he should sympathize at all times with her uncomplaining sufferings under the stern and vindictive rule of his master. Indeed, Alphonse de Morveau was, for one of his years, of singular discretion and thoughtfulness; so that, in confiding to him, at this time, the care of one whom she believed to be her child, Margaret felt that she had enlisted a friend for Angela, who, should he survive herself, would strive to carry out her wishes with an enthusiasm akin to religion itself.

After receiving the page's promise, therefore, in relation to the reputed daughter of Pierre Bart, Margaret de Varens felt in a measure relieved of the dire apprehensions concerning Angela's future, with which her father had, in his studied malice, endeavored to inspire her. She did not reveal to Alphonse, indeed, that the child was so nearly related to herself—for she saw in the page's expressive features that he divined all that needed to be spoken—but she conversed with strange seriousness upon the perils that might encompass the sweet charge which she had committed to the youth's watchfulness, and bade him weave the memory of his lost mistress—should she be called hence—with the sacred duty of protecting the innocent Angela.

"Let her dwell in a lowly station, if it be the will of God," said the poor lady; "even as the pure violet blossoms under wayside hedges; but, oh! Alphonse, be near her when I am no longer here! My blessing shall rest upon thee, and my prayers ascend forever for thee and for the child!"

The page listened in silence, mingling his tears with Margaret's; the image of the golden-haired child of Pierre Bart arose in the mist of his tears, and seemed to press confidingly to his bosom. Dim visions of the future came likewise, crowding his fancies; visions wherein his knightly arm was to guard a beautiful maiden, with sunlit forehead, from a thousand beleaguering foes: visions wherein a soft voice and sweet smile were to be his reward for unheard-of deeds of valor and high emprise; and over all these fancies floated bright realities, as it seemed, of angelic guardians, circling the upper world with dazzling wings, between the floating of which his soul caught glimpses of Mary, Queen of Heaven, bending from her heavenly throne, well pleased. Thus the chivalric religion of the day was accustomed to take shape in ardent natures, and thus, in Alphonse's poetic mind, the image of Angela was henceforth to be inwoven with all his desires of earthly distinction, all his aspirations for celestial favor. But the dreamy abstraction into which, still kneeling before Margaret, he had fallen, was suddenly broken by the vibration of another distant crash, similar to that which had before startled De Varens, but this time sounding louder and longer, as if sudden and violent confusion had broken forth in the hostelry above.

"My father!" murmured Margaret, starting to her feet, whilst Alphonse, who had already drawn his sword, rushed precipitately from the vaulted room towards the stone steps where he had left his master. Traversing the stone-walled passages with fleet steps, though guided by no light whatever, he arrived speedily at the spot where he knew De Varens should be, and, pausing in the impalpable gloom, pronounced, in a low voice, his master's name. No response, however, came to his ears; and, casting his eyes upward, he could discover no rays of light penetrating, as before, through small crevices in the closet-door that had separated the trap from the passage below. Astonished at this, as well as by the utter silence which now prevailed, the page essayed to ascend the steps, but encountered in a moment the solid flooring returned to its place above. The trap had closed again, and De Varens, without doubt, was upon the other side of the closet—perhaps a prisoner, perhaps slain.

The first impulse of Alphonse, as the conviction of his master's having passed the closet-door—and thus, perhaps, reclosed the trap—forced itself upon him, was to seek the spring that he had before pressed, and permit the flooring to return within its grooves. But, as he stretched out his hand to grope for the metallic knob, a thought of the Lady Margaret remaining alone within the vault, deterred him from his intention. Reflecting, he was convinced that if De Varens had himself opened the closet-door, and by such movement cut off his retreat backward, he must either have effected his escape, or must be now in the hands of his enemies. If the latter were the case, it remained in the power of his master to reveal, if he should see fit, the retreat of his daughter and the page, and to him, therefore, ought to be left the responsibility of so doing. If, on the other hand, the French noble had succeeded in eluding his enemies, without disclosing the secret retreat, Margaret would still be secure till the Burgundians departed. These thoughts satisfied Alphonse that it would be but rashness on his part to attempt a passage to the hostelry, and therefore, descending from the steps, he prepared to retrace his cautious way to the inner apartments.

But, at that instant, the youth's ears, which had before remarked the entire quiet of the vaults after the replacement of the flooring, became conscious of a continuous sound, as of the roar of wind, immediately above the vaulted roofing. No sound of voices reached him, and no crash or vibration like that which had previously penetrated to the other extremity of the passage; but a dull, monotonous sound, like the rush of wind or water, seemed to follow his steps as he retraced them through the darkness toward Lady Margaret.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### THE SCOURGING OF A SWISS.

Another night of watching and sorrowing in the mill, and then Maitre Jean announced his intention of going to seek his kinsman. He parted tenderly, and with many prayers, from Angela, who clung to him in new apprehensions, and bidding Mama Babette have charge of all her wants, he went, not on horseback, as Franz had gone, but with an oaken staff and his miller's frock, to seek Pierre Bart, even to the tent of Charles himself. So, spite of his caution, the good miller's sympathies impelled him.

Maitre Jean traversed the woody glades that conducted to the "Blue Boar," paused when he arrived at its naked walls to survey the gloomy ruins forgetting not to kneel and offer a prayer for the soul of the poor groom whose decaying body was already a prey to wolves, and then passed on, with sturdy purpose, till he gained the plain where had been pitched the camp of Charles, and where was fought his battle with the men of Liege. Maitre Schaeffer divined quickly, when he saw the relics of broken arms and armor on the ground, and piles of slain lying, stripped and weltering on every side, that the result of the conflict had been against the rebels: for, in the faces of the stark dead he recognized men of Liege whom he had known for many a year—quiet and peaceful citizens in past time, now lying victims to a war in which they had been made but the puppets of princes for their own ruin.

It was yet early morn, for Maitre Jean had left his mill ere the daybreak, and silence as well as solitude reigned over the battle-field. But the traveller's approach startled several gaunt wolves that had been feasting through the night, and they ran coweringly away before him. Maitre Jean kept on, over the frequent corpses—across the ground furrowed by cannon shot and beaten by trampling feet in deadly strife—until he reached the verge of the plain, and struck once more the highway, which descended toward the valley where Liege reposed upon its bridges and river banks. A league of footfaring then brought him to the hills above the town, and showed him the tents of a great army pitched upon the slopes, and stretching down to the river Meuse, and along its borders to the walls of Liege. The blue pennons of Burgundy floated from a hundred staffs, and, as the miller gazed downward at the walls of the city and the great town-house tower, he saw a flag with neither the Flemish lion nor the lilies of France emblazoned upon it. It bore the red St. Andrew's cross, and was the banner of Burgundy.

With staff in hand, his leathern boots thick with the mud of the road, for there had been a drizzling rain the previous night, Maitre Jean presented himself at the outposts of the camp, and passed unchallenged, save by the jeers of some roistering free archers, who mocked his troubled face and shrinking gait. "Ho, miller!" said one, "there'll be less toil for thee from harvests anon. Our horses have cropped these rebel fields too closely." And said another, "Miller, thou'lt soon have choice of stones from the wall of Liege that we shall shortly tumble down."

But Jean replying not to the soldiers' jibes, walked on with downcast eyes, till he had threaded the camp, and entered the open gates, through which bands of men-at-arms and wains laden with baggage and camp-equipage were moving continually. Passing the draw-bridge and barbican, he hurried to the arched bridge that spanned the broad stream flowing through the middle of the town, and thence traversing the narrow streets, between rows of high dwellings that seemed deserted by their alarmed owners, climbed a steep lane which afforded a short avenue to the public square, where the great arcade, with its massive columns, formed the central place of traffic. The shops were now closed and their windows barred as if it were the Sabbath: for at this hour the populace were awaiting at the town-hall the judgment of Charles upon their town, which they feared would doom their worthiest citizens to the block. To the town-hall Maitre Jean directed his steps, mingling with the crowd, till he found passage into the quadrangle or interior courtyard. Here, with others, wearing faces as anxious as his own, the miller at last entered, and stood transfixed with horror at the spectacle which met his eyes. For, at this moment, a group of fierce soldiers were unbinding the mangled form of a man from the scourging column, lifting his white face and bloody shoulders in view of the shuddering spectators; and Maitre Jean recognized, at one glance, the face and form of his kinsman, Pierre Bart. For a moment the miller paused, with fixed gaze, and then, uttering a shrill cry, he dropped his staff, and struggled forward through the press, till, reaching the fainting publican, he clasped his bleeding form in his embrace.

A dozen blows from the guards fell unheeded upon Maitre Jean, as, winding his arms about the neck of his insensible kinsman, he essayed to lift his hand that drooped like a heavy weight upon his shoulders. With eyes fixed only upon Pierre's pallid face, unheeding all else, the miller murmured brokenly, "Brother! look up! awaken! 'Tis I—'tis Jean! I come from our Angela!"

At the mention of the name of that child so beloved, a shiver ran through Pierre Bart's frame, and his eyes opened as if painfully. They were glassy and bloodshot, and their glance falling upon Maitre Jean was feeble and wandering.

"Angela!" again the miller whispered. A faint smile flickered on his kinsman's lips, succeeded by another drooping of the heavy head. "Alas! he faints again," cried Maitre Jean, looking around appealingly to the soldiers, who now permitted him to sustain the wretched publican's head. Indeed it was apparent that the very attendants who maltreated the miller, as he rushed toward them, were now moved to compassion in contemplating the mangled form of their victim, and regarding the single-hearted devotion of his kinsman. Pierre Bart's back was covered with blood flowing from great wounds, extending from neck to waist, whereon the scourges of the executioners had crossed one another. His face and breast and limbs were likewise bruised and discolored by either random or intentional blows, and it was apparent that a few strokes more must place the sufferer beyond the reach of tyrants or their servitors. But, at this moment, as if in obedience to some transmitted mandate, Maitre Francois made signal to a leech who had stood apart, and who, now approaching, took the publican's hand within his, and, after noting the slow beats of his fluttering pulse, shook his head with an air of great wisdom.

"What says the doctor, Ludovico?" asked Maitre Francois of the leech, a sullen-visaged, elderly Italian, who was reported to deal in the black art, and to assist his master, the Duke's physician, Angelo Catho, in the preparation of medicines by occult spells. Doctor Ludovico continued to shake his head and look grave.

"Will he confess now, good Doctor Ludovico?"

"He will die, fool," returned the Italian, curtly. "He is beaten to a mummy."

"Our orders were to make him confess, and the varlet has not spoken a word," said Maitre Francois, moodily. "But, will he die, doctor?"

"He has not an hour to live," answered the leech.

"'Fore God he must not die without shrift. 'Twould be unchristian to kill both body and soul, comrades. Let him be made secure in one of the cells hard by, and a priest shall be sent to him." So saying the French officer gave directions for the unbinding of the nearly murdered victim that he might be carried to a neighboring dungeon. Maitre Jean, the miller, supported his kinsman's head, and would have assisted the soldiers in removing him; but Maitre Francois waved him back.

"Look ye," cried the martinet, "I doubt me not thou hast store of sympathy for this poor devil, as it is right a brother—if such thou art—should have. Nathless, we are soldiers, and must do our duty, and this publican is a traitor who would have slain our lord, the Duke. So, fall back, my master, and take heed of thyself. Keep thy own shoulders from the whip, and thy head from the halter. It is the advice of a friend, and thou may'st heed it or not."

With these words—delivered with much sententiousness—Maitre Francois motioned the miller away, and the soldiers who had surrounded the publican enforced his orders with somewhat more rudeness. In vain poor Maitre Jean implored to be permitted to accompany his brother to the cell whither they were bearing him. Maitre Francois deigned to take no more notice of his words, but walked with Doctor Ludovico before the soldiers who supported Pierre Bart, until they reached an archway at the extremity of the courtyard, and turned into a gloomy passage leading to the already-teeming dungeons of the Hotel de Ville. Maitre Jean remained without, wringing his hands, and bemoaning the fate of his brother-in-law, whilst the crowd began slowly to disperse through all the outer passages.

Never before had the reality and neighborhood of tyrannical power and its consequences been presented so vividly to the kinsman of Pierre Bart. The miller had dreamed much concerning the fortunes of princes and the changes of states. He had, in the silence of his own little chamber, surrounded by the books gathered in his travels, been accustomed to speculate upon the ambition of monarchs, to fancy conflicts of the people for freedom, and to scan, through the pages of history, examples of popular sufferings and martyrdom. But his experience had been that of an humble student in his closet, and a timid traveller elsewhere. He had mingled his dreamings with every-day life, never anticipating that violence and injustice were to cross his own humble path, and make, out of his own obscure history, an episode of kingly wrong. But here, in the person of his familiar neighbor and kinsman—at the threshold of his own mill, as it were—the ever-recurring conflict between power and feebleness was again illustrated, the poor worm of a man writhed under the hoof of a monarch's horse. It was the old story, that Maitre Jean had often read, in his curious books—the old story acted over again.

Such were the miller's reflections as he sat down at the arched entrance to the prison-places of the town-house, and bemoaned bitterly the fate of his poor brother-in-law. Such was the burden of *his continued dreaming until another hour had* rolled away, when he heard steps near him and saw the Italian doctor Ludovico striding past. The miller ran to him, and throwing himself at his feet, implored him to admit him to his unfortunate kinsman.

"Thou wilt go fast to overtake him," muttered the Italian, shaking him roughly off. "He is as far as St. Peter's gate by this time."

"Dead!" murmured the miller, covering his face, as he sank back. "My poor Pierre! my poor Pierre!" He arose then, and moved slowly, with downcast eyes, from the court-yard, unheeding the people who stood upon the pavements observing him as he passed; regardless of the soldiers who uttered their jibes at his white miller's garments all stained with the wretched publican's blood. But as he reached the great square without, a noise of trumpets and ring of armor caused him to pause and turn aside from the pathway of a gay cavalcade of noblemen and princes who, on prancing steeds, were passing the Hotel de Ville. Among the gallant cavaliers at their head, Jean descried one who wore a coroneted hat, emblazoned with jewels, and he divined at once that this must be Charles of Burgundy. As his glance fell upon this noble personage, the miller bethought him suddenly of an appeal to the Prince's clemency, for permission to behold his unfortunate kinsman, and if he were dead, to be allowed at least to bury his mangled body. Acting upon the impulse of his thought, Maitre Jean sprang suddenly forward, and threw himself in front of the Duke's steed.

"How, now! what wants the fellow?" cried Charles, abruptly reining in his horse.

Maitre Jean stretched out his arms, the white sleeves crimson with the stains from Pierre Bart's wounds, and ventured to cry aloud—

"Mercy! mercy for the innocent—compassion for the dead."

"Speak, fellow! what is thy business?" cried the Duke: whereat the Count of Campo Basso leaned from his saddle, exchanging a word with the doctor Ludovico, who had drawn near to him. The Count then laughed, and whispered to Charles, whose face became inflamed with choler. "What does the slave want!" he cried. "The treacherous publican! On, gentlemen!" So saying, the Duke spurred his steed, which bounded forward, striking Maitre Jean in the breast, and striding over him, while the people around and the nobles of the cavalcade set up a great laugh. The miller rolled himself as well as he could out of the way of the hoofs of other horses, and then staggered to his feet, with reeling head and bruised limbs, to meet the derisive shouts of the populace, who drove him before them away from the Hotel de Ville.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

USES OF THE POTATO.—In France the farina is largely used for culinary purposes. The famed gravies, sauces, and soups of France are largely indebted for their excellence to that source, and its bread and paste equally so; while a great deal of the so-called Cognac imported into England from France is the produce of the Potato. Throughout Germany the same uses are common; and in Poland the manufacture of spirit from the Potato is a most extensive trade.—"Stetton Brandy," well known in commerce, is largely imported into England, and is sent from thence to many of our foreign possessions as the produce of the Grape, and is placed on many a table of England as the same; while the fair ladies of our general country perfume themselves with the spirit of Potato under the designation *Eau de Cologne*. But there are other uses which this esculent is turned to abroad. After extracting the farina, the pulp is manufactured into ornamental articles, such as picture frames, snuff-boxes, and several descriptions of toys; and the water that runs from it in the process of manufacture is a most valuable scourer. For perfectly cleansing woollens and such-like articles it is the housewife's panacea; and if the washerwoman happens to have chilblains, she becomes cured by the operation.—*Paper Read Before the British Association.*

BREVITY AND BUSINESS.—A merchant, at the season of business depression, received from one of his customers at a distance, in answer to a previous dun, a letter stating his difficulties and requesting time. The merchant paced his counting-house with lowering brow, and stopping suddenly, turned to his clerk and said, "Write to that man without delay." The paper was ready and the pen filled with ink, but not receiving any message for some moments, the clerk asked, "What shall I write?" "Something or nothing, and that very quick." Back to his desk went the clerk, and rapidly moved his fingers over the paper. The letter was sent to the office, and by return of mail came a letter from the customer, inclosing the money in full. The merchant, with glistening eyes, read the letter, and hastening to his clerk, he said, "What did you write to ——?" "I wrote just what you told me, and kept a copy of the letter." Going to his letter book, and opening it, he found the following: "Dear Sir: Something or nothing, and that very quick. Yours, &c." The letter brought the money.

☞ "Now, look'er yer, Charlie, Jim mout be an honest nigger, and then, again, he moutent; but if I was a chicken, and knowed he was about the yard, I tell ye wot, nigger, I'd roost high, I would."


# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

## HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1857.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

### TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is $2 a year *in advance*—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

THE POST is believed to have a larger country subscription than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of THE POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer. Owing, however, to the great and increasing demand for the Paper, those wishing back numbers had better apply as early as possible, our rule being "First come, first served."

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.


### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined: "The Sister;" "To My Chapeau;" "The Father of a Sigh;" "The Forest Glen;" "Cheer Up;" "An Adventure in the Rocky Mountains."

THE POST MORE OF A NEWS PAPER AGAIN.—During the late prosperous season, when so many of our readers, as we inferred, were in the habit of taking, in addition to THE POST, some journal more particularly devoted to News, we increased the proportion of our literary matter.

Now, as the times have changed, in order to suit that large class of readers who will wish for economy's sake, to confine themselves to one paper, we contemplate increasing again the proportion of news given weekly—devoting the inside pages more exclusively to all the interesting news of the day, than for some time past. THE POST will thus combine in itself the advantages of a *Literary* and a *News* Paper, at as low a price as it is possible to furnish any paper, printed in a good, eye-preserving type.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.—The notes of all solvent banks will be taken in payment of subscriptions to THE POST—although, of course, we *prefer* gold or silver.

Subscribers who find a difficulty in getting anything under a five dollar note to remit, should bear in mind that we send the paper three years for five dollars. All should also remember that in times like these, it is better to subscribe to an old and firmly established paper like THE POST, which a "crisis" in the money market scarcely affects, than to papers of a more transient and less reliable character.

### TRANSPLANTING LARGE TREES.

The *Public Ledger* alludes to the partial success of a gentleman of this city in transplanting large trees. It says:

The trees were about thirty years old, and about 45 feet in height. Some were evergreens, and some deciduous. The average balls of earth frozen around the roots may be set down as ten feet in diameter, three feet deep, and five tons weight. They were cut out of the solidly frozen ground in mid-winter; then hauled three miles, some on sleds, and others on wagons, as the roads permitted, from five to nine horses being required for one tree. The holes for their reception were also cut out of the solidly frozen ground. There were three Norway firs, one Balm of Gilead, one hemlock, and one weeping willow; also, two horse chestnuts, and two European larches. The operator was inexperienced, and his mode of resetting clumsy. All the trees were first delivered before any of them was set in its new place, and covered in with earth. This was an error, because a deal of mischief was done to the fine roots by the frost. The trees made equal show of success in the months of April and May. In June and July the larches and horse chestnuts knocked under and gradually died. Each and all of the rest, after some show of torpor in July, took on a vigorous growth in August, and afterwards seemed to forget that they were ever disturbed from the place of original growth; and now, in December, there is a particularly fresh, green and healthful appearance in the foliage of the evergreens. It may be observed that the summer has been unusually wet. These trees thus transplanted cost (trees, moving and insuring,) from $75 to $100 each. But this price is double a fair charge. The loss of the deciduous trees is supposed to be due to exposure of the roots as stated. The trees are not upright; but this is due to the want of skill and judgment in the operator, and it can be corrected by undermining on one side and drawing the tree over. The experiment justifies the hope that fruit trees can be moved, which will in the second year yield the same crop as before moving.

Conversing with a very intelligent landscape gardener, the other day, he rather ridiculed the costly manner of moving trees recommended above. He said that if a wealthy gentleman desired to spend seventy or eighty dollars in removing a single tree, of course he could be accommodated, but that it was a great waste of money. He had moved large trees in that way, but knew it was not even the best way—to say nothing of its expense.

His plan is briefly this. In moving trees, the main thing to be considered is the moving uninjured a large proportion of the roots. If this can be done without moving the earth also, the moving of the earth is simply unnecessary. The earth where the trees are to be taken can be made just as suitable for them, and often more suitable—and so far as the trees have any preference upon the subject, it will be in favor of the new and therefore unexhausted ground.

Now, in moving according to the frozen earth plan, as described above, the ground cannot well be taken more than about ten feet in diameter—necessitating the destruction of all the roots outside of that circle. Thus the roots left will none of them be longer than about five feet—which *may* involve (as it probably did in *four* of the ten cases mentioned above) the death of the tree.

But suppose a favorable time of year be chosen, when the earth is soft, and the workmen begin about twenty feet (instead of five) from the foot of the tree, and carefully loosen the earth, working in towards the trunk. In this mode they may unearth some twenty feet of each of the principal roots, and the whole of the shorter ones. Now a tree transplanted into properly prepared ground in this manner, has—our authority contends—a much better chance of life, while the saving in expense is very great.

People who cannot afford to pay from $75 to $100 for transplanting a single tree, would do well to give the plan we mention a trial.

### THE MORMON DELUSION.

The following is an extract from a letter written by a Mormon woman at Salt Lake City, and published in the Westchester Republican. It is dated the 30th of June, and gives an idea of the kind of preaching the Apostles among the Saints were indulging in at the time:—

"We expect to be able to feed and save a great many yet, who now desire to hang us. As it is written, 'all those who will not take up their swords to fight their neighbors, must needs flee to Zion.' I wish you to remember these things, for as sure as there is a God these things will come to pass. Everything is going on first rate here, and we are now building a temple, so that you may expect to hear the devils howl in the States, as every cursed lie that can be thought of, will be put in circulation against us; and it is written, 'all manner of evil shall be spoken against you falsely for my sake.' I might say a good deal with regard to the doctrine of this church—but it seems altogether useless to do so to a person who is so filled with prejudice, and has little or no knowledge of the Scripture. This is the dispensation of the 'fulness of times,' when all things are to be gathered to one, as spoken of in the New Testament. That is, as there was a little fighting done in days of old, there will be a fulness of it in this dispensation, plenty of hanging done. As there was a little plurality of wives in days of old, there will be a fulness of it in this dispensation. As there was a little famine in days of old, there will be plenty, or a fulness of it in this dispensation. In fine, as there was a little pestilence, plague, war and the sword in days of old, you will have a fulness of it in this *last time*, or last dispensation. Be not faithless, my dear fellow, but believing: for as sure as you live, these things will come to pass, and that before you are aware of it. My advice to you is, seek first the kingdom of God, and its righteousness, and all things will be added unto you."

The above perversions of Scripture are so evidently mere parrot-talk—mere flippant repetitions of what a "silly woman" has caught from the lips of corrupt and designing men—that it enables one to see clearly with what worse than chaff the deluded victims of this gross imposture are fed.

It is now stated that the Mormons have a colony in Lower California, to which they design retreating when they find that they can no longer maintain their supremacy in Utah. This looks much more reasonable than the rumor that they contemplated a retreat to the Russian possessions. The superior climate of California, and the fact that Mexico is a weak and distracted state, while Russia is united and powerful, renders this last statement very probable. Weak as Mexico is however, she may yet prove—in one of her comparatively prosperous moments—too strong for the Mormons; and we think they would therefore do best to take our advice, and obtain the sovereignty of some island, or cluster of islands, in the Pacific. It is not probable that even Mexico would allow them peace within her boundaries. But in the stillness and quiet of the Pacific seas, unmolested save by the consequences of their own sinful actions, they might wallow in their "sensual stye" so long as there were any of them left to wallow, or the possible judgments of the Almighty did not summarily interfere.

A PRETTY GOOD HIT.—There is a capital "hit" near the conclusion of the President's Message which perhaps some of its readers may not have noticed. He is speaking in opposition to the abominable practice that Congress has fallen into of late years, of crowding a large portion of the business of the session into the last few days, and various inappropriate appropriations into the regular appropriation bills designed for the support of the Government. The President says:—

For my own part, I have deliberately determined that I shall approve no bill which I have not examined, and it will be a case of extreme and most urgent necessity which shall ever induce me to depart from this rule. I, therefore, respectfully, but earnestly, recommend that the two Houses would allow the President at least two days previous to the adjournment of each session, within which no bill shall be presented to him for approval. Under the existing joint rule one day is allowed; but this rule has been hitherto so constantly suspended in practice, that important bills continue to be presented to him up till the very last moments of the session.

In a large majority of cases no great public inconvenience can arise from the want of time to examine their provisions, because the Constitution has declared that if a bill be presented to the President within the last ten days of the session he is not required to return it, either with an approval or with a veto, "in which case it shall not be a law." It may then lie over, and be taken up and passed at the next session. Great inconvenience would only be experienced in regard to appropriation bills; *but fortunately, under the late excellent law allowing a salary, instead of a per diem, to members of Congress, the expense and inconvenience of a called session will be greatly reduced.*

In other words, the President says that as members of Congress are now under a yearly salary, instead of the old eight dollars a day, the cost of extra sessions *to the country*, is materially reduced; and that he shall not hesitate to avail himself of them, if Congress does not avoid such unfair and obnoxious practices as those alluded to. We think this is well said: an extra session or two—*at the expense of the members*—would doubtless be sufficient to work a radical cure of the conduct so justly complained of.

TO THE UNEMPLOYED.—At a meeting held in *Waterloo, Missouri*, it was resolved that fifty hands could be employed in Waterloo this winter. They have been paying in Waterloo up to this time, from $13 per month to $1,25 per day, and "found," according to quality of hands. Messrs. W. J. Pierce and W. D. Urmston, of Waterloo, can be addressed on the subject.

A subscriber at Belton, Texas, says:—"We are really in much want of a large number of laborers both on the farm and in the house. A good house servant can get from $5 to $10 per month, and a laborer on the farm can get from $10 to $20 per month in this portion of the State. I think at least fifty female domestics could get permanent situations in good families in this county alone."

GEN. WALKER'S EXPEDITION.—The friends of Gen. Walker are greatly alarmed at the non-receipt of intelligence from him—as the steamer Fashion was expected back some time since. As the Fashion was an old boat, and could hardly be considered seaworthy, it is feared that she went down in a storm that occurred soon after her departure. The uncertainty however as to the destination of the expedition, encourages a hope that the Fashion may yet "turn up" in some unexpected quarter.

### SPECIE PAYMENTS AGAIN.

We are pleased to hear that the leading banks of New York city have resumed specie payments—the resumption having been mainly brought about by the Bank of Commerce, the Manhattan Bank, and the National. Information was at once telegraphed to the Governor of New York, "accompanied by the assurance that, when the Legislature meets on the 1st of January, the Banks of that city will be found acting in strict accordance with the provisions of the law."

It is evident that the leading Banks of New York having resumed, the others must either soon follow suit or go into liquidation.

We trust that the Banks of this city will, at an early day, follow this good example. They are, in all probability, abundantly able to meet all fair demands; and the public will have too much good sense to add to the prevailing embarrassments by another foolish run upon them. Besides, so far as all their recent deposits are concerned, the depositors have made them under an agreement which takes them out of the class of "*immediate* liabilities."

It is so much to the interest of everybody in business that any attempt at a resumption should not be a failure, that the Banks may count upon all reasonable forbearance on the part of the community.

While we have no special means of knowing the condition of the Philadelphia Banks, we hope and believe it is such as would warrant a resumption by the first of January. Of course if there be "lions in the way" which the community generally know not of, we would not press the policy of resumption. But let these lions be steadily looked in the face by the Banks, in order to see whether they be real, living lions, and not the creations of an unwise fear, before the policy of immediate resumption is dismissed as impracticable.

## New Publications.

DARKNESS IN THE FLOWERY LAND, by the REV. M. SIMPSON CULBERTSON, (C. Scribner, New York, J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.,) is an account of the various religious beliefs and popular superstitions existing in North China. The author resided in Ningpo and Shanghae, as a missionary, for eleven years, and writes therefore as an eye-witness. His pages present a curious identity between the various opinions and ideas prevailing in China and Christendom. There is hardly a creed or doctrine, or prevalent superstition mentioned, that has not its counterpart in our own civilization. Even trance-mediumship, table-turning, and spiritual-writing, of which the author gives some details as they exist at Canton, Shanghae, etc., are common with us. Astrology, to which he finds the Chinese much addicted, though the higher minds of the nation reject it, is believed in by thousands of people in all our cities, towns and villages, many of which support resident "professors" of that "science." The work is highly interesting. Its object is to awaken interest in the work of missions, and, by missionary enterprise, to effect the conversion of the Chinese.

THE THOUSAND AND ONE DAYS, (Murphy & Co., Baltimore; J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia,) is a volume of pleasing Oriental tales, intended as a companion to the Arabian Nights, with an introduction by Miss Pardoe.

GET MONEY, by Mrs. L. C. TUTHILL, (C. Scribner, New York, Parry & McMillan, Philadelphia,) is a tale for young people, meant to illustrate the old warning against making too much haste to be rich.

MABEL VAUGHAN, by the author of "The Lamplighter," (Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston, T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia,) is written gracefully and quietly, and though lacking in robustness and reality, has a winning interest and pathos. Its nearest approach to a life-like portraiture is the figure of the old maid, Miss Sabiah, which, despite its somewhat spectral outlines and coloring, is at once pleasant and touching.

☞ The witty Sophie Arnould was once appealed to by a pretty but silly woman who complained of the number of her admirers, and wished to know how to get rid of them. "Oh, my dear," was the sarcastic reply, "it is very easy to do it,—you have only to open your mouth."

☞ Cleopatra was the first to fling away jewels in the piggish manner, condemned by the proverb. She was in the habit of throwing pearls to Antony's (s)wine.—*Punch.*

☞ Schiller said, "Within thine own bosom are the stars of thy destiny."

☞ Napoleon sent for Fouche one day, in a great rage, told him that he was not fit to be at the head of the police, and that he was quite ignorant of what was passing. "Pardon me, sire," said Fouche, "I know that your Majesty has my dismissal ready signed in your pocket." Napoleon changed his mind and kept his minister.

☞ JEALOUSY AND PERFIDY.—*Augustus (with suppressed anguish).*—"Well, I call it real mean when a feller's been spending all his money on caromels and cream chocolates to give to a girl, for a girl to go and keep looking at another feller, just because the other feller's got a whole mass of beastly hair about his face."

☞ I think I can affirm that there are such things as spirits,—I mean what we call spirits, that is, aerial beings who talk familiarly with persons. For I have had such experience as seems to me to put the matter beyond doubt. But as to what, or of what kind they may be, I think that he knows as much who has never given a thought to the subject as he who persuades himself that he understands it.—*Francesco Guicciardini, a very distinguished Italian statesman of the 16th century.*

☞ DIPLOMATIC.—A verdant Yankee expectant for office was advised the other day to apply for the Consulship at the Lobos Islands, *vice Guano, removed.* He had his letter written before he discovered the joke.

☞ He must be a poor creature, that does not often repeat himself. Imagine the author of the excellent piece of advice, "Know thyself," never alluding to that sentiment again during the course of a protracted existence! Why, the truths a man carries about with him are his tools; and do you think a carpenter is bound to use the same plane but once to smooth a knotty board with, or to hang up his hammer after it has driven its first nail?—*Holmes.*

☞ A traveller in Africa, declares that he met one King who had eleven portly wives, all of whom were weighed monthly, the one that weighed the most being invariably installed mistress of the household, until the next weighing.

### ECONOMICAL LIVING.

*Guilford, Conn., Dec. 8th, 1857.*

*Mr. Editor of the Post:*—I see by your paper that the present hard times, and the general complaint that it is hard to get a living, have induced many well-meaning and patriotic individuals to come out publicly and state how well and how cheap they can live. After reading the many articles contained in your paper, I came to the conclusion that here in Guilford we can beat them all.

I am a small farmer. I rent a small house and barn, and two acres of land. On these two acres I raise corn, potatoes and onions. This year I have sold and got the money for four hundred bushels of onions—two hundred and fifty of red, and one hundred and fifty of yellow. The red brought me forty cents per bus., and the yellow fifty, making the neat little sum of one hundred and seventy-five dollars. I have also raised about fifty bushels of corn, of which I shall be able to sell about twenty-three and a-half. Corn, at seventy-five cents, is at present legal tender at any of our stores. My corn may be valued at thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents. I have raised one hog weighing little more than four hundred pounds. Pork is worth eight dollars per hundred. The hog is worth thirty-two dollars. Putting these sums together, they amount to two hundred and forty-four dollars and fifty cents. By the way, I have worked out this summer enough to earn fifty dollars, and have rented my barn for five dollars this winter, payment in advance. The above sum must, therefore, be increased by fifty-five dollars—making two hundred and ninety-nine dollars and fifty cents.

Deducting from this amount fifteen dollars' worth of corn fed to said hog, and seventy-five dollars rent which I have to pay, there remains clear two hundred and nineteen dollars and fifty cents.

And now for our living expenses. We buy about two bags of Croton flour yearly, and about the same value in rye, equal to four dollars and eighty-eight cents. The balance of our breadstuff we take from our corn. The last two weeks we have lived upon fry, but that is now gone, and we fall back upon our old bill of fare. Here it is:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 gal. Indian meal per week, | $00 10 |
| 3 lbs. pork, | 00 37½ |
| 2 lbs. beef, neck piece, | 00 12½ |
| 1 gal. potatoes, | 00 12½ |
| | 00 72½ |

Now, there are fifty-two weeks in the year, and at the rate of seventy-two and a-half cents per week, our bill will amount to thirty-seven dollars and seventy cents. But this is considerably above the usual cost, for I often catch clams, oysters, eels and fish, which I am unable to estimate accurately, as I have never kept any account of them. We raise our own potatoes and beans, but as I don't know how beans are selling, I make no account of them. I raise them between the potato hills, finding it about as easy and more profitable than to raise weeds. We burn two tons of coal and two cords of wood, costing twenty-one dollars. We used last year five gallons of molasses, costing three dollars and fifty cents. No sugar, tea nor coffee. My clothes, from head to foot, cost last year eighteen dollars. This year they will cost less. A wealthy relative, deceased, has left me his clothes.

Well, how stands my account now?

| | |
|---|---|
| | $219 50 |
| $1 [illegible] | |
| 37 70 | |
| 21 00 | |
| 3 50 | |
| 18 00 | 83 08 |
| Above board, | $131 42 |

I have been careful to say nothing about my family, as it would only confuse my account. I married young, and have never regretted it. I believe, as Franklin once said,

"He that would thrive,
Must ask his wife;"

and that no one can thrive till he has one to ask.

As a mark of the high esteem in which she holds me, my wife has presented me, at divers times, with two children, a fine boy and girl. My wife is very cunning with her needle, and manages to clothe herself and children. Thus, Mr. Editor, you see what two industrious people can do. With no capital but the health and strength which a merciful God has given them, they can raise a family and lay by over one hundred dollars a year. Only think of four persons living on eighty-five dollars and eight cents a year! Our health is good, and no doctor has ever yet received a cent from us for medical attendance. If this does not beat anything you have yet received, I think the following account of my neighbor B, given in his own words, certainly will:—

"Whatever will sell, I sell; whatever won't sell, I give to my hogs; whatever my hogs won't eat, I eat myself."

Can any one live cheaper than that? Connecticut has manufactured her share of wooden nutmegs, and she can produce her share of economists.

My wife and I consider the art of cooking in its present improved state, a curse to humanity. We think the Almighty intended that our appetite for food should be satisfied, not provoked. Consequently, all our food is prepared in the most plain and simple manner. A small quantity of such food appeases hunger, and when a man's appetite is satisfied, there is no danger of his starving. To those who have made no experiments, it is really astonishing how little food is necessary to support life and health.

From what is written, you might suppose that Guilford must be a thrifty place. Quite the contrary. According to a reliable authority, it has not gained one inhabitant since 1811. It is a very quiet, pleasant place to live in, and what is singular, I believe there is no well authenticated instance on record, of any man uncommonly lazy, or particularly fond of good, cheap living, who once became acclimated, and did not always remain, or at least come back to die on the strength of his wealth or his poverty. Quite a respectable squad of both classes are now quietly waiting the last call. People generally consider me of little consequence, because I live cheap and have no property. But I assure you, Mr. Editor, the disgust is mutual, and I as much loathe those who make a great show on borrowed capital, as they can me who live moderately on my earnings. Yours truly,

JOHN ANDREWS.

[*Note by Editor.*—We are much indebted to Mr. Andrews for his experience and views. Who speaks next?]

☞ The stoutest timber stands on Norwegian rocks, where tempests rage, and long, hard winters reign. The muscles are seen most fully developed in the brawny arm that plies the blacksmith's hammer. Even so the most vigorous and healthy piety is that which is the busiest, which has difficulties to battle with, which has its hands full of good works, which has neither time nor room for evil, but, aiming at great things both for God and man, promptly and summarily dismisses temptations with Nehemiah's answer, "I have a great work to do, therefore I cannot come down."

> The treasures of the deep are not so precious
> As are the concealed comforts of a man
> Locked up in woman's love. I scent the air
> Of blessings when I come but near the house.
> What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!
> The violet bed's not sweeter. —*Middleton.*

☞ At the time when the blacksmith of Gretna Green was in full exercise of his vocation, a couple presented themselves before him. "It is five guineas, in advance," said he. "What!" said the would-be-husband, "my friend, Smuggins, only paid you twenty shillings." "True, but as I had already married Smuggins five times, I made him a discount."

☞ Our friend Smythe, is noted for making very malapropos remarks. At a party recently, he met the Widow D——, who made her first appearance in society, since her husband's death. "Ah," said Smythe, all smiles, "I've not had the pleasure of seeing you since your husband's funeral."

☞ It seems that the French language has five thousand more words than the English. Upon this fact being mentioned to a lady, she said: "Well, I'm sure they must want them all, for the French talk ever so much more than we do."

☞ Addison was an elegant writer, but the following to an "ill-favored lady," was decidedly more unhandsome in him than the lady could have been:—

> While in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
> And heard the tempting syren in thy tongue,
> What flames, what darts, what anguish I endured!
> But when the candle entered—I was cured.

☞ The wisest saying uttered by the wisest man of Greece was, "Know thyself." Next to that should stand this—Be true to thyself. Be true! Wisdom and truth are twins.

☞ There are men of *esprit* who are excessively exhausting to some people. They are the talkers that have what may be called *jerky* minds. Their thoughts do not run in the natural order of sequence. They say bright things on all possible subjects, but their zizzags rack you to death. After a jolting half-hour with one of these jerky companions talking with a dull friend affords great relief. *It is like taking the cat in your lap after holding a squirrel.—Holmes.*

> REACTION followed as excitement passed,
> For they soon walk too slow who run too fast."

☞ When Abernethy was canvassing for the office of surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, he called upon a rich grocer. The great man addressing him, said—"I suppose, sir, you want my vote and interest at this momentous epoch of your life." "No, I don't," said Abernethy, "I want a pennyworth of figs; come, look sharp, and wrap them up,—I want to be off."

☞ Take care in your talk never unnecessarily to say that which, if repeated, may give offence to others. Because it may often be injurious to yourself at a time and in a manner unexpected. Observe this well, I say; for many even of the prudent err in this respect: and it is difficult to abstain from it. But if the difficulty be great, much greater is the advantage which will result to him who can practice this rule.—*Guicciardini.*

*Lothario.* Ah! dearest Anna, of your love I'm dying;
And at your feet I lie—
*Anna.* I see you're lying.

☞ Before an affliction is digested, consolation ever comes too soon: and after it is digested, it comes too late; there is but a mark between these two, as fine almost as a hair, for a comforter to take aim at.

> The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,
> Reigns more or less, and glows in every heart;
> The proud to gain it toils on toils endure,
> The modest shun it but to make it sure.

☞ Let no man be too proud to work. Let no man be ashamed of a hard fist or a sun-burnt countenance. Let him be ashamed only of ignorance and sloth. Let no man be ashamed of poverty. Let him only be ashamed of dishonesty and idleness.

☞ To work worthily, man must aspire worthily. His theory of human attainment must be lofty. It must be ever lifting him above the low plane of custom and convention, in which the senses confine him, into the high mount of vision, and of renovating ideas.—*Alcott.*

☞ When Gen. Oglethorpe was in Holland, a Prince of Wirtemburg, at an entertainment, filliped some wine into the general's face. The general turned his eye upon him and remarked—"That was a good joke, but we do it better in England," and thereupon threw a glassful into the face of the prince.

☞ However we may be puffed up with vain conceits of new worlds of learning, it is certain we are yet much in the dark; that many of our discoveries are purely imaginary, and that the state of learning is so far from perfection, much more from being the subject of ostentation, that it ought to teach us modesty, and keep us humble.

☞ A drunkard upon his death-bed demanded a glass of water before receiving Divine consolation. "Upon one's death-bed," he observed, "it is but right to be reconciled with our mortal enemy!"

☞ An Irishman, who was lately sent to the House of Correction for a year, was set to work in a blacksmith's shop. Finding the labor rather hard, he asked the governor to change his employment. "Faith, sir," said he, "if I should have to work this way for a year I shall die in less than a *fortnight!*"

MANURING WITH BRAINS.—At the dinner which followed the Ploughing Match of the Woodbury Agricultural Association, Devon, a few days since, Mr. John Daw related the following very suggestive anecdote: He (Mr. Daw) some time since drained an unprofitable sap, and was one day watching the result, when a farmer came up to him and said, "Sir, you have a beautiful crop." "Yes, I have," was the reply. "How did you get it?" was asked. "Brains," was the rejoinder. "What! manure the field with brains?" was further inquired. "Oh, yes. The farmer opened his eyes and said, "Lor, honor, where d'ye get 'em?"

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

# WESTERN SKETCHES.

BY AUNT ALICE.

## IN A HURRY.

I have for a neighbor a little, bustling Yankee woman, who is "always on the jump," to use her own expression, and yet accomplishes very little considering the effort she makes. Now this little woman (we will call her Mrs. Allbright,) has for her *help* a girl called "Massy," and Massy cannot be hurried, but she can be flurried, and the more she is driven in her work, the more confused she becomes. Massy is from no particular State, or county, but has lived "all round." She says she wants to tell me her history in full some day, if "Miss Allbright ever gives her time to breathe," but her many trips across my back yard are of the flying order, and as Mrs. Allbright usually stands at the partition fence to urge her on, she makes such wondrous haste that her errand is only half accomplished before she feels that "time's up." Let me describe, if I can, one of her breathless, hurried calls, made a few days before Thanksgiving.

I had just stepped to the door one morning to take a look at the wintry aspect without. The snow had been falling all night, and was quite deep, but now the bright sun had come out in all its splendor, and the unbroken surface of the pure white snow was perfectly dazzling. As I stood there a moment admiring the cold but brilliant scene, I observed a female figure climbing over the back fence. The red, half bare arms holding that old blue shawl so tightly over the head, told me at once that it was "Massy," and no one else. On she came floundering through the snow, while Mrs. Allbright, true to her old post, stood at the fence, ever and anon exclaiming at the top of her voice, "Hurry, Massy, hurry, I can't stand here all day a waiting for you!"

Massy crossed the yard with long strides, and bounded in at the open door, almost upsetting me, for blinded as she was by the sun and snow, she did not see me until she was in my arms, which were outstretched to keep her off.

Without stopping to apologize, she shook the snow from her skirts, and began to tell her errand. I say began, for she never ended anything, and her breathless, panting manner almost took my breath away. She seemed to feel that her mistress was at her elbow, and that she must not pause to breathe. I cannot hope to do justice to her eloquence. Not a colon, semicolon, or even a comma could be squeezed in between her rapidly uttered words. She stood in the door, thus preventing my closing it, and began.

"Old Miss Allbright she sent me over in the biggest hurry caze as how this is Thanksgiven week and we've got so much to do that we can't do nauthin' and her old man's not to hum and don't spect to be and no men folks to do chores and so she sent me to ax yer as how if you will please mum to lend her your little shears for the old gobbler's got to be cooked for Thanksgiven' and no man about to cut his head off and so if yer will jist let her have the little shears a spell to—"

"What, to kill the turkey with?" I here interrupted.

"Oh bless *my* soul no mum but we be in sich a big hurry and don't know what to do first caze the old cow she got in tother night and et up all the fresh punkins and that string of dried ones that old Miss Allbright fotched all the way frum old Conne'ticut five years back got all et up with the mice in the top cubboard and there's holes in that shelf as big as my hand and we can't find the gimberlet to fix it and now if yer can let me have the littlest shears you've got I can jist—"

"Mend the hole with them, I suppose," said I, hoping to help her out.

"Deary me no marm but Miss Allbright's near about froze now a standin' at the fence and so much as we've got to do with all them folks a comin to Thanksgiven and no men folks about to do nauthin and not a tater in the house and no sauce of no kind to go with the turkey and all them chickings to pick and not one of 'em killed yet and no kindlin' split and Miss Allbright fretting at the fence for me to bring her the shears to—"

"You cannot split wood with my small scissors," I remarked.

"Oh land o' sakes I do wish you'd jist let me have 'em ef your goin to for I am in sich a hurry and that are suckin pig's a squealing for his breakfast and he's got to be stuck afore night with—"

"Not my scissors!"

"Oh bless us don't yer hear old Miss Allbright a calling of me and the fire's out afore this and the beans dried up in the pot and so much we have got to do caze this is Thanksgiven week and old Miss Allbright says as how to old Connecticut they sikes had everything nice and grand that day of they starved the hull year after it and now her old man's not to hum and the hen's don't lay no eggs and we ain't fix'd a bit and it cum so sudden like and ef even a body had more'n they could do and can't do it with this ere fellon on my thumb that's got to be opened fust of all so ef you *can* spare the shears we—"

"To use as a lancet?" I asked.

"Don't now Miss Babo ef you please efor I don't know what a landsit is and lard's no shase we can't get none and ole Miss Allbright jist wont use tallow no how caze they didn't in old Connecticut where she cum from when I tells how that no one will ever know the difference in nut cakes and cookies and chicking pies and roast pigs and plum sauce and now here we be on the full jump from morning till night and can't git nauthin done and I jist wish I'd a been born in that old Connecticut which I wasn't for there they be allers fixed for such times and our axe is all nicked up so as 'twont cut no how and no men folks to do nauthin and that blessed pig must be killed this day and scraped and so do hurry and give me your little shears and—"

"You shall not stick the pig with my scissors!" I exclaimed.

"Don't want to but ef you only did know what a hurry we be in and the cistern's dry and no men folks to do nauthin and when they be here we jist have to cook for em all the time and the clothes line's broke and old Miss Allbright's so narvous and a standing at that ere fence a yelling at me and I in sich a hurry and all the folks in old Connecticut is going to have a good dinner and I wasn't born there and I wish I was and I never had time to tell where I was born'd and I mean to take time and tell you yit whenever we get over Thanksgiven alive and well and the case won't be done to-day ef I don't get home and that everlasten old Miss Crane is a coming to eat when we ain't got nauthin fixed and the fence all broke down and the axe nicked and oh mighty don't you hear old Miss Allbright a holleria at me and I want the littlest shears you've got to—"

"Massy," said I, "do stop; and tell me, if you can, what you want with my small scissors." And I handed them to her as I spoke. She seized them. Without a word she darted down the yard and over the fence, almost flying in her speed, and Mrs. Allbright and her *help* disappeared within their own door. What use the scissors were put to, I know not, as when Massy returned them in the course of the day she had not time to tell me, but has promised to do so the moment she finds time.

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INTERESTING FROM WASHINGTON.—Washington, Dec. 10.—The nomination of Col. Richardson, as Governor of Nebraska, was, to-day, confirmed by the Senate.

This appointment implies that his position on the subject of Kansas is satisfactory to the Administration—though the Douglas men deny it.

Gen. Denver's appointment as Secretary of State of Kansas, was confirmed by twenty-nine Democratic votes. Mr. Douglas being absent. Nineteen Republicans voted against it.

General Denver has been informed of his appointment by telegraph to Boonsville.

The removal of Gov. Walker is daily expected. It is stated, on high authority, (Senator Mason) that should he now move in the direction of Kansas, this result would immediately follow.

Thomas J. Semmes has been appointed United States Attorney for the District of New Orleans, his predecessor being removed on the ground of not using sufficient vigilance to prevent the escape of Gen. Walker and his party from that point.

Hon. Nathan Clifford's appointment, to supply the vacancy in the Supreme Court Bench, has not yet been definitely acted upon by the Senate.

There will be no new appointment of Commissioner of Indian Affairs, as it is understood that Gov. Denver will resume the office after he accomplishes his mission to Kansas.

The daily sessions of both Houses are, according to usage, inaugurated with prayer; and while Congress is willing to continue the usage, they have determined to avoid the boring which they have heretofore undergone, whenever an election was to take place. Both Houses have agreed to invite the clergy of the city in rotation, to perform the duties voluntarily. The clergy will accept, and at the end of the session Congress will vote a gratuity to each of them.

The amount in the United States Treasury subject to draft, is less than six millions. The receipts of the week ending the 7th instant, was $530,000.

Senator Bigler, in order to correct a misapprehension, states, in conversations which have been had on the subject, that the meeting—to which he alluded in his speech on Wednesday—as having taken place in Mr. Douglas' room, last year, to consult on the Toombs Kansas bill, was an official, rather than a private meeting of the Committee on Territories, and one to which the other Senators had been invited.

The death of Hon. Andrew P. Butler, of South Carolina, will be announced in the Senate on Monday, according to the present understanding among the Senators, and the death of Hon. James Bell, of New Hampshire, on Tuesday.

At a caucus of the Democratic members of the Senate, which was held to-day, the Standing Committees were agreed upon. Mr. Mason will continue as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, Mr. Douglas of the Committee on Territories, Mr. Hunter of the Committee on Finance, Mr. Stuart of the Committee on Public Lands, Mr. Brown of the Committee on the District of Columbia, Mr. Clay to be Chairman of the Committee on Commerce, *vice* Dodge, Mr. Bayard of the Committee on the Judiciary, *vice* Butler, and Mr. Yulee of the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, *vice* Rusk.

An effort was made at the caucus to elect new officers of the Senate, but the proposition was postponed. The nomination of a public printer will come up in the caucus to be held on Monday next. Much interest is manifested concerning their action on the subject.

A number of legislative measures have already been brought to the notice of the two Houses by members. Senator Gwin was very prompt in bringing forward his bill for the construction of a triple line of railroads from the Mississippi to California. He is encouraged in this proposition both by the President and the Secretary of War in their notices of this subject.

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KANSAS NEWS.—General Calhoun has issued two proclamations, specifying the manner in which the election of the 21st inst., for the submission of the constitution formed by the Lecompton Convention, and the election on the first Monday in January next, for State officers, are to be held. Also, appointing County Commissioners for each county in the Territory.

At a mass convention held at Leavenworth, on the 27th ultimo, a resolution was passed, requesting the Territorial Legislature to meet at Lecompton, on the 3rd of December. General Lane offered a resolution, which was unanimously adopted, pledging the members of the Convention, in case that Mr. Stanton declined to convene the Legislature as requested, to put the government, as prepared by the Topeka Convention, in motion, and to stand or fall by it.

A Democratic Convention was called to meet on the 24th inst.

Acting Governor Stanton afterward issued a proclamation, calling a special session of the Territorial Legislature, to be held on the 7th of December.

The Administration at Washington having been advised by telegraph that Acting-Governor Stanton had called a special meeting of the Territorial Legislature of Kansas, the President forthwith removed him, and nominated to the Senate, as his successor, General Denver, now Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who left Washington for the West last week.

The reason for the removal is, that Mr. Stanton has violated the instructions heretofore given to both Governor Walker and himself, to do no act which could possibly disturb the peace of the Territory, but exert all the means in their power to preserve it. The sole object and purpose of convening the Legislature, it is considered, can be only to engender strife, and embarrass the people in voting on the slavery question in the form proposed by the Constitutional Convention. Last week instructions were sent to Mr. Stanton to take every precaution to prevent disturbances at the ensuing election, and to afford a free and unobstructed exercise of the elective franchise. Doubts are expressed as to whether Governor Walker's name will be sent to the Senate for confirmation.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 10.—The Democrat received Kansas letters to-night, containing the proceedings of the Delegate Convention, which met at Lawrence on the 2d inst., Ex-Governor Charles Robinson presiding.

Resolutions were unanimously adopted, repudiating and pledging ceaseless hostility to the Lecompton Constitution; denouncing the call for elections on the 21st inst., and 1st proximo; declaring that the Legislature elected on October 5th, shall not be suspended by any Constitution or State Government, until a fair and impartial vote be had; endorsing the Topeka Constitution; requesting the extra session of the Territorial Legislature to frame an election law; providing for the submission of the Topeka and Lecompton Constitutions; the one receiving the majority of legal votes to become the fundamental law of the State of Kansas.

A resolution was also passed, returning thanks to Acting Governor Stanton for calling a special session of the Legislature.

Speeches were made by Messrs. Robinson, Lane, Thatcher and others.

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A SALE of the carriage used by ex-President Pierce is announced to come off at Concord, N. H., the proceeds of which will be given to the poor of this, his native town.

# CONGRESSIONAL.

## SENATE.

On the 8th, after the reading of the minutes, and other preliminary proceedings, the President's Message was received, and after being read, Mr. Douglas submitted a resolution for printing the usual number of copies of the Message and accompanying documents, and 15,000 copies thereof for the use of the Senate. He remarked that he concurred cordially and heartily in the views of the President therein expressed, with the exception of that portion relative to Kansas, and the action of the Lecompton Convention. At an early day he would express his views, and give his reasons why he believed that the people of Kansas had not been left, as the organic act declared, perfectly free to form and regulate their institutions in their own way.

Mr. Stuart, of Michigan, concurred in Mr. Douglas's views respecting the Lecompton movement. At a future day he would speak on the subject, and insist, to the extent of his ability, that the people of Kansas should be treated like all others, and given fullest opportunity to regulate such institutions as they wish to live under.

Mr. Davis concurred in the views of the President concerning the Kansas question, but should await the promised remarks of Mr. Douglas before he expressed his own views.

Mr. Bigler gave notice that he should defend the position assumed by the President to the best of his ability, and respond to Mr. Douglas.

Mr. Hale spoke in opposition to the Constitution formed by the Lecompton Convention, arguing that it would perpetuate slavery in Kansas, no matter whether the people accepted or rejected the slavery clause.

Mr. Seward said he should be glad to hear the supporters of the President explain his position for it seemed to him that the Message was very lean and impotent in its argument on Kansas, and that something more would be necessary to satisfy the public mind than was contained in the document itself. He trusted that the debate on this point would not be delayed long, for before we were aware of it there might be civil war in Kansas. After reviewing all parts of the Message, he said he hoped it would be understood that on Utah affairs Congress was substantially unanimous, and that the world would see that the Government of the United States would not suffer its fame to be tarnished, its power insulted, and the lives of its citizens destroyed by the enemy, entrenched though it be, in the Rocky Mountains, and under the forms of the Constitution of the United States.

Mr. Mason was free to declare that all the information for the last six months relative to Kansas affairs, had come from questionable sources. If he understood the President's position, and he thought he did, the President's position was impregnable.

Mr. Trumbull denied that the Legislature of Kansas had the authority to initiate the Convention. It was, according to a speech once delivered by Mr. Buchanan himself in the Senate, "an act of usurpation." Congress had repeatedly refused to authorize the people of Kansas to form a State Constitution. Much had been said about popular sovereignty, but this now merely amounts, according to the great expositor of the party, to giving the free white people of Kansas the right to determine the condition of a few negroes, while they are precluded from regulating their own institutions in their own way.

Mr. Brown said there seemed to be a great anxiety on the part of Senators to enter into discussion, and especially to find fault. They had heard the Message imperfectly read by the Clerk, and therefore could not properly understand it. He asked that Senators should pause and sleep on the documents before indulging in debate, which would go forth to the country over the telegraph wires, penetrating even to Kansas, and giving tone to public opinion on premises not yet perfectly understood. He asked Senators to reflect before taking their positions, and uttering sentiments under the circumstances to which he had referred.

On his motion the Senate then adjourned.

On the 9th, the galleries were densely crowded, in expectation of a speech from Senator Douglas.

Mr. Pugh gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill for the improvement of the navigation of the Ohio river.

Mr. Mason offered a resolution, which was debated and passed, inviting the clergy of the District to officiate gratuitously as Chaplains of the Senate.

Mr. Gwin gave notice of his intention to introduce bills providing for the construction of a Northern, Southern and Central Pacific railroad. Also, a bill to organize the Territory of Arizona.

Mr. Douglas said he was yesterday under the impression that the President approved the action of the Lecompton Convention, and under that impression he felt it to be his duty to state that, while he concurred in the general views of the Message, yet, so far as it did approve or endorse the action of that Convention, he entirely dissented from it, and would give his reasons for such dissent.

Upon a more careful and critical examination of the Message, he was rejoiced to find the President had not entirely approved the action of that Convention. He was also rejoiced to find that the President had not recommended that Congress should pass laws receiving Kansas into the Union as a State, under the Constitution framed at Lecompton. It is true, the tone of the Message indicates a willingness on the part of the President to sign any bill Congress might pass receiving Kansas as a State into the Union, under that Constitution. But it was a very significant fact, that the President had refrained from any endorsement of the Convention, and from any recommendation as to the course Congress should pursue, in regard to the admission of Kansas. Indeed, the President had expressed deep mortification and disappointment that the whole Constitution was not submitted to the people of Kansas, for their acceptance or rejection. He proceeded to show that Congress could not properly receive Kansas into the Union under the Lecompton Constitution. Not only the slavery question, but all others, must be submitted to the people of Kansas, as they are guaranteed to establish all their "domestic institutions" for themselves. On this principle, the whole Constitution must be submitted, to ascertain whether or not it meets with their approbation.

Mr. Douglas contended that the people of Kansas ought to have an opportunity to vote against the Constitution, if they chose to do so. He compared the "freedom" allowed by the Lecompton Convention, to the "freedom" at the election in Paris, when Louis Napoleon was elected President. The reason assigned why the people of Kansas were not allowed to vote on the acceptance of the Constitution prepared was, that if they had the chance, they would vote it down by an overwhelming majority. He believed they would, and thought that it was a clear violation of the organic act, thus to force the obnoxious Constitution upon the majority.

When Mr. Douglas concluded, much applause was manifested by the spectators in the galleries.

Mr. Mason moved that the galleries be cleared, remarking that the decorum of the Senate had been frequently violated in this way.

Mr. Hamlin hoped the motion would not prevail.

Mr. Clay thought the applause commenced on the floor of the Senate, and it would be hard to punish the spectators for following that example.

Mr. Bigler trusted the motion would be withdrawn.

Mr. Mason acquiesced, but hoped that the next time the offence was repeated, it would not be allowed to pass with impunity.

Mr. Bigler replied to Mr. Douglas. He said the Lecompton Convention was called according to law, and had been recognized by the President and the Governor of the Territory. It was their right to submit a Constitution to the people, or send it to Congress without such submission. If it was right in itself, republican in form, and the people of the Territory had fairly decided on the slavery question, it would not be wise to keep them out of the Union, simply because the whole Constitution had not been submitted to them. To do so would be inconsistent with the doctrine of "non-intervention." There was nothing in the past history of the country to justify such a course. It would be the duty of Congress to look at the question as it came before it, and to do the best it could by looking at the happiness of the entire country. He had long been under the impression that it would be best, both for the Union and Kansas, if that State should be admitted at the first allowable opportunity, in order to localize the strife. He would have preferred that the whole Constitution had been submitted to the people, but persons outside of the Territory have no right to interfere with the slavery question there. He believed the people of Kansas would now have an opportunity to decide whether they will have a free or slave form of government. He could not, however, determine his entire course, until the people of Kansas shall make such a decision. He said the position assumed by Mr. Douglas to-day was in utter derogation of that which he occupied when he voted for Mr. Toombs' bill, which proposed to make a State Constitution, and put it in operation without submitting it to a vote of the people; and this occurred only a short time ago. He could not understand how Mr. Douglas had so readily become sensitive regarding the rights of that people, after having attempted such an infringement upon them.

Mr. Mason exposed and replied to what he characterized as a fallacy in the remarks of Mr. Douglas.

Mr. Douglas explained, and said he had been misapprehended.

Mr. Bigler remarked that, in conversation recently with Colonel Henderson, who was an active member of the Convention, he understood him to say there were two Constitutions virtually.

Mr. Douglas—If there are two, I should like to see the other.

Mr. Bigler—I say precisely similar.

Mr. Douglas—If precisely alike, what difference does it make, if you may vote for either?

Mr. Bigler—One for the free and the other for the slave State. That is the difference.

Mr. Douglas—It makes no difference how many copies they make. The simple question is, they only allow the people to vote on slavery, and nothing else. The Senator from Pennsylvania has assumed an air which I think unnecessary, and rather intimated to me that he spoke by authority.

Mr. Bigler—I expressed my own views deliberately formed, and they are in concurrence with those of the President.

Mr. Douglas—I may have misunderstood him. I am certain he did not speak for the President. I know that, for the President, he has just spoken for himself in the message, in which he condemns the convention for not submitting the constitution to the people, and refuses to recommend me to receive it. The President is a bold, frank man, and if he intended to give us an administration measure, he would say so. It is not respectful to assume that we will do what he will not recommend us to do. Of course, I know that the Senator from Pennsylvania did not speak by authority.

Mr. Bigler—I think it safe to say, and I think the Senator from Illinois will agree, that the President upholds in his message the doctrine that the convention had the right to form a constitution and submit it to the people for approval, or send it to Congress for approval. I think it is deducible from the message that the President does not hold that because the entire constitution was not submitted to the people, Kansas should be kept out of the Union.

Mr. Douglas—I infer from the message that the President does hold that the convention had the right to form a constitution and send it here, but that was only the right to petition for redress of grievances under the Federal Constitution, and not because the legislature had the power to constitute that a legal convention.

Mr. Bigler—Where did you get that?

Mr. Douglas—A gentleman (meaning Mr. Trumbull) yesterday read from a speech made by Mr. Buchanan twenty years ago, to show that a Legislature had no right to create a convention to supersede the territorial government, and to attempt it would be gross usurpation. The Democratic party has held that doctrine ever since, and asserted it a year ago, by endorsing his (Mr. Douglas') report from the Committee on Territories. Three hundred thousand copies were circulated as a party document, and he himself paid for a hundred thousand of them. (Laughter.)

Mr. Bigler entered his protest, and claimed the statute of limitation. He could not consent that Mr. Douglas should hold the President responsible for principles laid down twenty years ago, under entirely different circumstances. It is not half as long since Mr. Douglas declared the Missouri line was the best compromise, and in 1848 he proposed to extend it to the Pacific Ocean; yet he repealed the whole of it.

Mr. Douglas denied the right of Mr. Bigler to offer a statute of limitations. None but the authorized attorney of the party can thus interpose. As the Senator has denied his authority to speak for the President, he cannot file that plea. Mr. Douglas approved of the statute of limitations. He acceded one very much himself. He had never boasted that he had never changed his opinions. He felt every year a little wiser than the year before. Has the President ever withdrawn that opinion? He denied the right to plead a statute of limitations against the Cincinnati Convention, until the Charleston Convention meet. He stood now where he stood last year, because he believed he was right. It was true he voted for the Toombs bill, and was ready to vote for it again. By doing so there would be no quarrel. It would not do to taunt him with once voting for a measure he would not vote for now.

Mr. Bigler said he had not taunted the Senator, who had complained that a great wrong was done by not submitting the entire constitution to the people, when he had voted to put a State constitution into operation without submitting any part of it to the people.

Mr. Douglas replied that his explanation was in the language of the President, who, in his instructions to Governor Walker, took it for granted that the constitution was to be submitted to the people. Mr. Toombs' bill being silent on that subject, he took it for granted that the Constitution would be submitted to the people. If the President was right in taking that ground, why was he (Douglas) not right?

Mr. Bigler said he did not intend to hold the Senator from Illinois to anything which did not appear in the journals. At a private meeting before Mr. Toombs' bill was introduced, it was held that, in view of all the difficulties surrounding the question, it would be better that no provision to submit the Constitution to the people should be inserted in the bill, and it was his understanding that the Convention which the bill proposed would make a Constitution, and send it to Congress, without submitting it to the people.

Mr. Douglas, in reply, said he would not, like the Senator from Pennsylvania, insinuate what he would not openly declare. If he was present at the meeting referred to, and sanctioned such a doctrine, let him say so.

Mr. Bigler said, if he was constantly at fault it was painful indeed. Perhaps he had wrongfully spoken on the subject. He had told the Senator he did not intend to reflect upon him.

Mr. Douglas remarked that he would release Mr. Bigler from secrecy, and asked him whether he knew that he (Douglas) had either publicly or privately agreed that the Constitution should be adopted without consulting the people.

Mr. Bigler stated what his distinct recollection was. He remembered very clearly that the subject was discussed in the house of the Senator from Illinois. He was not sure that Mr. Douglas participated in the debate, in which it was argued that, under all the circumstances, there ought not to be a proviso in Mr. Toombs' bill requiring the Constitution to be submitted.

Mr. Douglas remarked that the point he made was, that when the bill was silent on that subject it was understood, as a matter of course, that the Constitution was to be submitted. That he was a party to force on the people a Constitution, without their consent, was not true.

Mr. Bigler explained that he had called Mr. Douglas' attention to the course on Mr. Toombs' bill, because it was in derogation of his doctrine laid down to-day. When the Senator from Illinois introduced his preparatory bill for Minnesota, he provided that a constitution should be submitted. If the inference was that a constitution would be submitted where such a bill is silent, why was the clause inserted in the Minnesota bill. He did not impugn the Senator's patriotism, or honorable motives, or courage. He had not a more constant admirer than himself, and one who oftener defended him.

Mr. Hale wanted to know some of the very peculiar circumstances which rendered the fair exercise of the elective franchise extremely difficult. (Laughter.)

Mr. Bigler said that no one had said more on the subject than Mr. Hale, and of the violence, and keeping the free State people from the polls. He (Mr. Bigler) was interested in getting Kansas into the Union.

Mr. Douglas said that, in order to prevent wrong impressions, he would ask Mr. Bigler whether he meant to be understood as saying that he (Douglas), in his own house or elsewhere, had expressed himself in favor of a constitution, without being submitted to the people?

Mr. Bigler.—I made no such allegation.

Mr. Douglas.—You left it to be inferred. I will not allow it to be inferred that I so declared in my own house. If I did not, acquit me of it.

Mr. Bigler.—I repeat that I have no recollection of the Senator participating in the debate alluded to.

Mr. Douglas.—If I had nothing to do with it, I don't know what my house had to do with it. (Laughter.) What I said was truth, and only what I said is on record.

On motion of Mr. Green, the further consideration of the President's Message was postponed. Adjourned.

On the 10th, Mr. Seward submitted a resolution, which lies over under the rule, directing the Joint Committee on Printing to inquire and report whether any new provisions of law are necessary to secure the faithful performance, on the part of Congress, of existing contracts, which provide for accurate reports of the debates of the two Houses.

Mr. Douglas gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill at an early day, to enable the people of Kansas to form a Constitution and State Government preparatory to their admission into the Union.

Mr. Foot gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill making grants of the public lands to actual settlers.

The Senate then went into Executive session.

After the secret session, the Senate adjourned till Monday.

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## HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 8th, Mr. Clemens made an explanation relative to Mr. Wendell and the public printing, involving charges of corruption, &c.

Mr. Smith, of Virginia, offered a resolution providing for the appointment of a committee to examine into the subject of the public printing; the election of a public printer to be postponed until their report shall be made. He said it was believed that an enormous corruption was connected with this subject, and hence the necessity of an investigation. The profits accruing were probably $800,000, and the printer about to be elected to-day, could get a quarter of a million of dollars for his contract.

Mr. Clingman moved to elect a printer first, and then afterwards investigate.

Mr. Bocock appealed to the House to complete its organization by the election of the public printer. After this had been done he would willingly join with the other members in ferreting out the extravagance and corruption which is charged to exist in this department.

Mr. Grow advised the House to commence the reform in the government printing department, by curtailing the enormous expenditures which had created our government into a rival with all the book establishments in the country. Books were sent out by Congressional authority which were really not worth the paper on which they were printed.

Without concluding the subject the House adjourned.

On the 9th, after the usual preliminary business, the House resumed the consideration of the two propositions pending relative to the election of printer.

The proposition submitted by Mr. Houston was, that the House proceed to the election of printer, with a proviso that the House retains the right possessed by Congress to modify the existing laws on the subject of the public printing, the printer who may be elected under this resolution receiving said election with and upon the condition above set forth, and that a committee be appointed to examine the whole subject, and report such change or improvement as they may deem advisable.

The other proposition, by Mr. Smith, of Virginia, as a substitute, provided for a similar examination, and that the election be postponed until the committee make a report.

Mr. Banks moved to lay Mr. Houston's resolution on the table. Negatived—yeas 82, nays 106.

The vote was then taken on Mr. Smith's substitute, which was rejected—yeas 91, nays 118.

The question being upon Mr. Houston's original resolution, it prevailed by a majority of 40.

The House then proceeded to the election of printer, when Mr. Bocock nominated James B. Steadman, and Mr. Washburn, of Maine, nominated George M. Weston.

The vote was then taken, and stood—

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|---|---|
| James B. Steadman, | 121 |
| George M Weston, | 89 |
| Scattering, | 4 |

The former was declared elected.

The members then selected their seats by lottery, and the House adjourned.

On the 10th, the Speaker appointed Messrs. Smith, of Virginia, Grow, Taylor, of New York, Nichols, Smith, of Tennessee, Morse and Dowdell, as a committee authorized to be appointed to examine into the subject of public printing, and to report such reforms as they may deem advisable.

On motion of Mr. Banks, the Speaker was authorized to appoint the standing committees; and in order to afford him an opportunity to do so, that when the House adjourn it be till Monday next.

On motion of Mr. Warren, a committee was ordered to be appointed to report when the new Hall of Representatives can be occupied.

Mr. Dowdell offered a resolution requesting the Ministers of the Gospel, of Washington city, to alternately open the daily sessions of the House with prayer.

Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, presented petitions against the employment of Chaplains by the government, on the ground of its unconstitutionality.

A debate ensued, during which, in reply to a question, it was stated that various ministers had tendered gratuitous services.

Mr. Dowdell's resolution was then adopted.

Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, offered a resolution, which was adopted, providing for the distribution of books heretofore printed to new members.

Mr. Letcher, of Virginia, took occasion to say that it was the duty of the House to stop the evils attendant on these book distributions. Some volumes were now in course of preparation, a single one of which will cost two hundred thousand dollars. Everything to be printed should be first scrutinized carefully, especially since the House had heard so much about the "plunder," which is alleged to be connected with this department.

The House then adjourned till Monday.

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THE position of the Mexican Government is much improved, the revolutionist forces having been defeated at Puebla and other points. Comonfort, with the other officers of the supreme government, were formally installed on the first of December.

## NEWS ITEMS.

PETER GALES was tried in Cincinnati on Thursday week for "trigamy," three women appearing in court claiming him as husband; but the court discharged the poor fellow on the ground that it was a conspiracy against him. The reporter says, "This is the first instance we remember in which three females were enabled to agree upon a course of action against a man for whom they had professed to entertain a tender regard."

A NEW THEORY OF DISEASE.—The London Athenæum notices favorably a recent work by Sir John Forbes, Physician to the Queen, in which that distinguished person shows that there is a natural history of disease, and that the series of actions called disease, have in the majority of cases a tendency to terminate in health. During the occurrence of these abnormal actions, much may be done to re-establish health, says Dr. Forbes, but it is not the drugs, the nostrums, or the "remedies," that deserve the credit.

AN IMPORTER'S EXPERIENCE.—One of the leading importers of New York found, upon examination, that 65 per cent. of all his October bills receivable were either protested or extended, and yet he says it was all "first class paper."

COMMON SENSE IN DIPLOMACY.—It is said that among the projects mooted and discussed at Stuttgardt, was one for the establishment of a permanent conference among the Great Powers, for settling by arbitration all differences that may arise in Europe.

ROTATION OF PROFITS.—It is reported that the late London merchant, James Morrison, had a plan of every now and then raising a man conspicuously able and active into the position of a partner in the establishment, and this position he retained until his share in the profits reached £4,000 when he had to retire, and give place to another.

A BANK CASHIER IN TROUBLE.—Samuel P. Jones, Jr., late Cashier of the Colchester Bank, Conn., is charged, as the Times of New York says, with having embezzled $75,000 of the funds of the bank, and appropriated the same to his own use. He resigned his situation in the bank without any suspicions existing of his alleged defalcation, and established a wholesale fancy goods house in New York. When the officers went to arrest him he had fled, and has not turned up since.

THE Ohio wool-clip is estimated to exceed that of 1856 by at least three million pounds. The counties in the centre of that State are now as famous for their fine wool as they formerly were for their great crops of wheat. The estimated value is $6,000,000.

THE Bridgeport Farmer is informed that Gen. Tom Thumb, who is now in France, is dangerously ill, and not expected to live.

THE richest man in England is the Marquis of Westminster. His property is estimated to be worth $150,000,000. His annual income is $3,500,000. His ancestors owned immense tracts of unoccupied land in Westminster, which, since London has increased so largely, has become of great value as part of the city. His former title was Lord Grosvenor.

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN has removed the Hon. John McKeon from the office of U. S. District for New York, for his open opposition to the election of Mayor Wood.

NORFOLK, Dec. 5.—Ex-President Pierce and lady embarked this morning on the U. S. steamer Powhatan, for Madeira. The Powhatan will sail this afternoon.

THE New York canals were closed for the season on Tuesday.

THE total amount of specie held by all the banks of Boston at the present time is not far from five millions.

THE late emigrant massacre by Indians in Utah, of which the accounts came by way of California, are said to be exaggerated. The reports came from the Mormons, and it is supposed that they related these horrors to serve their own purposes. The Memphis Bulletin has received a letter from a citizen of New Madrid who has a relative belonging to the train of which it was alleged one hundred had been killed, and he says only a few lives were lost.

A NEW secret political society has been established in Boston, called the Heart in Hand Club. More fol-de-rol, probably.

A CITY IN DISTRESS.—The city of Coburg, Canada, is without money, credit, or a city council. It has loaned its credit for railroads, until it has none left to loan or pledge. Its people are taxed half a dollar for each five's valuation; its treasury is empty, and, to cap the climax of its misfortunes, it is without a local government—the city fathers, with the exception of the mayor, having resigned.

THE Congressional printing amounts to the enormous sum of over $2,000,000 annually.

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NEWS FROM UTAH.—A letter from the Utah expedition states that Col. Cook's command, comprising the 10th Regiment of Infantry, was 150 miles west of Fort Laramie, on the 3rd of November. The Mormons ran off with 600 head of cattle in sight of Col. Alexander's camp, near Ham's Fork of the Green river. At the date of the letter, it was supposed that Colonel Johnson had concentrated his forces with those of Col. Alexander, and that by that time Lieut. Col. Cook's command of dragoons would be with them. They expected to winter in Henry's Fork of the Green river.

A good deal of suffering prevailed among the troops, in consequence of the want of provisions and clothing, and the horses were giving out for want of forage.

Gov. Cumming and the other officers were determined to get into Salt Lake City, if possible, while the Mormons were equally determined on resistance to the entry of either the military or civil officers of the Government.

A skirmish between Col. Alexander's troops (the 10th Infantry,) and the Mormon troops, had taken place. Three or four of the Mormons were captured. (Denied.)

Official advices from the Utah Expedition recently received, state that the weather and snow are their greatest obstacles. Colonel Johnson says:—

"As soon as the snow falls sufficiently in the vicinity of the Green river, to prevent the burning of the grass, I will march to Henry's Fork, and occupy that valley during the winter. It is a commanding position, and accessible two months earlier for reinforcements and supplies by the Cheyenne pass, than any other, and will enable me to reach, by way of Fort Bridger, and on the most direct route to Salt Lake City, as soon as practicable in the spring. At this position, also, Colonel Cook can join, which I still entertain the hope he will be able to do. I greatly regret the impossibility of concentrating the troops destined for this service, and their supplies will prevent a forward movement till spring. It is now manifest that before the force can be united, autumn will be too far advanced to move with the probabilities of success, though not opposed by the Mormons."

Colonel Johnson says, in conclusion:—"I will however, mention, that unless a large force is sent here, from the nature of the country, a protracted war on the part of the Mormons is inevitable. The great distance from our source of supply makes it impossible to operate with a small force. It in fact requires the employment of such a force to guard the numerous trains containing the supplies that but a small portion, if any, is left for offensive operations. The movement of troops from California, Oregon and by this route, would terminate the war with the Mormons speedily and more economically than if attempted by insufficient means.

"In five or six days, I think, we will have all the force available here for such forward movement. By that time the trains will all be up, and they should be here sooner. In twelve days from this time I expect to join Col. Alexander at or near Fontouelle Creek. The General may be assured no retrograde movement will be made by this force."

This document bears the endorsement of Lieut. General Scott, cordially approving Col. Johnson's conduct. As to the expedition from the Pacific, he is confident the Colonel is not aware of the difficulties which would attend it. This part of the dispatch he does not concur in, as it is his opinion that the Commander-in-Chief, Col. Johnson, can be reinforced earlier, and far more effectually, from this side.

## CHURCH-AFFAIRS IN BALLYGARRIFFE.

We have a few real, and a great many pseudo-musical people among us at Ballygarriffe; and it lately occurred to some of them that the church-music required supervision and reformation: indeed, there could scarcely be two opinions on the subject. Plenty of singers there were, no doubt; but as the majority sang out of tune, and the whole out of time, the effect was decidedly far more ludicrous than devotional. Besides, we had a peculiarly evil-minded and perverse organ, which, in the hour of need, would puff, blow, groan, scream and whistle—in short, do anything but play.

Miss Saunders, with the vicar's approbation, took the lead in effecting a plan of musical progress, and soon changed it from an adagio to a *allegrato* movement. Every one who could sing, and a great many who couldn't, were pressed into the service, enrolled in a choir, and met twice a week to practice in the church. The general effect of this preparatory exercise may be inferred from a story told with great glee and gusto by our worthy vicar himself. A clerical friend from a distance, who came to spend a few days with him, remarked one evening:

"This is certainly a delightful spot to reside in; but are you not greatly annoyed by the multitude of cats that infest it?"

"No," said Mr. Kingston; "I never remarked that our cats were particularly numerous—why do you think they are?"

"Because, as I was walking to-day on the road above the church, I heard the most dismal and prolonged caterwauling that ever reached my ears, issuing apparently from within the walls: and it occurred to me that the cats here must muster strong, since they have effected a lodgment in the church itself."

Long and loudly did our vicar laugh, when, on a comparison of time and place, it appeared that it was our choral practice which his visitor attributed to the vocal efforts of the feline race.

But as order out of chaos springs, our church-music did at length become tolerable. The organ was repaired, and began, like Dandie Dinmont's dogs, "to behave itself distinctly before company." A new bellows-blower was elected in the person of a smart urchin, named Thady Lynch; the former official having been so inveterate a smoker that he used to seize every opportunity to step out of church and solace himself with a pipe; and it was always necessary to keep an active vidette on the *qui vive*, in order to summon him in time for the musical portion of the service. This office of call-boy having been satisfactorily filled by Master Thady, he in due time succeeded to the functions of the deposed smoker. The boy really threw his whole soul into the business; he blew the bellows of the renovated organ with the enthusiastic *furore* of a first-class maestro, and considered himself the very head and front of our oft-offending choir. One fine Sunday, when the congregation was a particularly large one, we were all assembled in the square choir-seat, which is situated on one side of the organ, and within full view of the whole church. The morning-prayers were being read, and we were all prepared to commence the *Venite* with striking effect, a new and somewhat peculiar chant having been practised during the week, when, with eyes opened, and arms stretched out to their fullest extent, in rushed Thady. Regardless of the prayers and of the kneeling people, he exclaimed at the top of his voice:

"Ladies! ladies! ye must all sing like divils, for the bellows is bruk!"

It was too true; and with such voices as suppressed laughter left us, and I fear with a very slight remnant of the devotional feelings which Master Thady's escapade was so well calculated to put to flight, we sang the chants and psalms, unaided by his efforts.

Our vicarage is under lay-patronage, and the emolument is very small. The consequence is, that the non-resident nobleman, who possesses a considerable portion of Ballygarriffe, generally appoints some friend or favorite of his own, without much regard to the fitness for his post of the individual selected; the only *sine qua non* being that the vicar should possess a private property sufficient for his support, and just rendering a pretty house and garden at a pleasant watering-place and one hundred a year an agreeable addition, and a sufficient recompense for performing the very light duty attached.

There is a traditional memory among us of an incumbent who flourished at Ballygarriffe some fifty years ago, and who must certainly have been a queer specimen of the country clergy of his day. The facetious bishop of the diocese is reported to have said to him one day, after having attended service at his church:

"Mr. Smith, this is not right; I find, my good sir, you actually make the commandments insinuate atheism."

"My lord, I don't understand—" said the poor man, quite astounded.

"Yes, Mr. Smith, you read the fourth commandment thus: 'For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, *they say*, and all that in them is.'"

"Oh, my lord!" cried the vicar, much relieved, "sure the people here would not understand one bit what I meant, if I said 'the sea,' as the clipping English do. Ask any one about here, my lord, what he calls the water abroad there, and he'll tell you 'they say.'"

This little difficulty being happily got over, his lordship proceeded to examine a juvenile class, whom Mr. Smith was accustomed to instruct in the catechism. He had, as he thought, thoroughly drilled them in the meaning of every recondite word and phrase in that manual of religious instruction; explaining, for example, that 'our spiritual pastors and masters' meant first the bishop, and then the inferior clergy. Being "guiltless," he told one dull girl, meant being without guilt; "just," he said, "as if you had broken the point off your needle, you would call it a pointless needle."

The examination commenced, and the boys and girls of Ballygarriffe got triumphantly through the letter of the catechism.

"Now let us come to the meaning of the words," said the bishop, smiling kindly on the row of open eyes and rosy cheeks before him.

"What is being guiltless, my dear?" he said, addressing a fair-haired damsel.

"'Tis a pointless needle, my lord."

"What do you mean by that, my child?"

"Mr. Smith told us so, indeed, my lord."

An explanation from the mortified vicar of course ensued.

"Well, well, my good sir," said his diocesan; "at all events, we must confess *rem acu tetigistis*."

"Who is your spiritual enemy?" he asked, reverting to an eager-looking, bright-eyed little fairy, who stood in the class, next to the heroine of the needle.

"The bishop, my lord!" was the energetic reply.

"Thank you, my dear!" said the good-natured prelate, laughing till his portly sides shook; "you certainly deserve a premium."

"My lord, my lord!" cried the poor vicar, "indeed, she thought it was her spiritual pastors and masters you asked her about."

"Oh, make no apology, my dear sir. I think, with your permission, we'll wind up the examination with a distribution of a certain package of gingerbread which I see my servant bringing, and which I have no doubt our young friends here will decidedly prefer to theological questions."

And so happily ended the episcopal visit.

Mr. Smith had one favorite sermon which he constantly preached. It began in these words: "There are three kinds of people in this world—three kinds of people, my friends—the bad, the good, and the indifferent!"

But if Mr. Smith was neither an expert theologian, nor an eloquent orator, he was something better, even an humble follower of Him who went about doing good. The widow and the orphan, the fatherless and the afflicted, lost a kind friend on that day when the weeping population of Ballygarriffe followed their old vicar to his last home.

The first of his successors of whom I can speak from personal recollection was Mr. Colville, a pleasant, gentlemanly, gray-haired little man, but an oddity to boot, and an extremely low churchman. He happened to be cast on the evil days when Oxford theology began to assert itself; and although we had comparatively little of high-church assumption among us, yet sufficient of the spirit made itself manifest in some neighboring parishes to cause our vicar to uplift his voice against what he termed "the dim religious light which came through their painted windows and stained pulpits."

Falling, however, into the common error of "mistaking the reverse of wrong for right," our vicar was very near throwing the church overboard altogether. Not a thing in the way of repair or adornment would he suffer to be done to the neglected edifice, whose high, dark, narrow pews resembled, as we sometimes told him, the cities of the Amorites, "great, and high, and walled up to heaven." Mause Headrigg herself was not more opposed than he to the keeping of fast or festival. Even the great Christian holiday of Christmas, I often thought, he observed under protest; pretty much as an ancient Covenanter might have done under terror of the thumb-screw. The church, built before his time, lay, by some accident, curiously enough, north and south, instead of east and west. I often taxed him jestingly with having by some necromancy given it a twist round, in order to prevent his congregation from "bowing to the east," and he used to laugh heartily at the accusation.

One evil habit, characteristic of his party, however, he retained—that of delivering the longest, most rambling, and most thoroughly extempore discourse it was ever my fate to listen to. He literally took no thought beforehand what he should say: and being endowed with a strong sense of humor, if any sudden crotchet passed through his brain while preaching, however *mal-à-propos* it might be, it was sure to find instant utterance.

"The day of judgment, my friends," he said once, "will come upon you suddenly, just like a railway whistle."

Preaching one day, as he often did, against the efficacy of works:

"Yes," he said, "salvation is to be had free gratis, for nothing!"

Then his metaphors—he described the Christian in his course of life "rolling up hill like two inverted cones!" The arch enemy of mankind he designated one day "A roaring serpent!"

Preaching, on one occasion, rather well and solemnly on that Great Name which is not to be taken in vain, he said:

"Yes, it is a Great Name, an Eternal Name, an Unchangeable Name—not," he continued, while his blue eyes suddenly twinkled at the conceit, "like ladies' names, which they are all, young and old, so anxious to change." Fancy, for a moment, the effect of this coming from the pulpit. Of course, every boy and girl in the church was convulsed, and even the most staid and sober members of the congregation found it difficult to preserve their gravity. It was not often that he scolded us, but on one occasion he was very angry. He had preached a charity sermon for I forget what object, and the collection was very small, consisting in a great part of fourpenny-pieces. Against this obnoxious coin Mr. Colvile launched into a tirade next Sunday.

"You will not give," he said, "crowns, half-crowns, or any of the liberal denominations of coin; no, all you can find it in your hearts to bestow are these miserable bits of silver, these *collapsed sixpences!*"

Poor Mr. Colvile! While he was with us, we were constantly wishing to exchange him for some more efficient clergyman; but we did not know when we were well off; we did not consider how often King Log is to be preferred to King Stork. Our vicar was not prosperous in the world; many things went against him. He lost his wife, an excellent and sensible woman; of his children, some died, and some turned out badly. He got into pecuniary difficulties, yet the old buoyant spirit bore him bravely through all. He left Ballygarriffe for some remote preferment; and soon afterwards we heard he was engaged to be married to an elderly maiden lady who, rich, austere, tall and sallow, was, according to numerous precedents in the courts of Cupid, captivated by the poor, merry, blue-eyed little vicar.

"She refused me at first," quoth he, in relating the history of his courtship to a friend; "but I told her it was not of the least use, for that I would still go on, 'faint yet pursuing.'" And so it came to pass that he captured his fair Philistine; and the match, thanks to the indomitable good temper of the bridegroom, and the really excellent qualities of the somewhat sombre bride, has turned out a very happy one.

"I hate young children," said the new-married lady, who certainly, as the French say, "accused" fifty years, as she turned crossly away, while her husband stopped to caress some of his juvenile parishioners.

"My love," he replied, "you can't think how differently you will feel when you have babies of your own."

The lady smiled and bridled, and even condescended to pat the curly head that was nearest to her, perfectly unconscious of the gently wicked badinage. The prophecy, so far as I have heard, however, still remains unfulfilled.

Great things at first were expected at Ballygarriffe from Mr. Colvile's successor, our present fat and rubicund vicar. He purified, adorned, and altered the church, making clean the outside of the cup and the platter with very commendable zeal; but, alas, for the weightier matters of the law! We need not go to a certain neighboring hierarchy to look for domineering priests, while we have Mr. Ringston among us.

With respect to Mr. Ringston's sermons, the only way in which he can succeed in keeping us awake during their delivery is by scolding us, which he does at times with vengeance. A few Sundays since, a little child in the congregation began to cry, and said quite audibly to his attendant: "Will you come away, Mary; he's going to beat us!" In point of vehemence and loudness, Spurgeon is a mouse compared with our vicar when he gets into a proper pulpit passion. But on ordinary occasions, when his dullness is gentle, his discourses are so thoroughly somniferous, that we are forced in self-defence to have recourse to every innocent mental excitement which may help to keep us awake. The good old lady in Longfellow's tale, who was quite content with having a "a handsome bow on the congregation side of her bonnet," would have had no chance of admiration on such superficial grounds at Ballygarriffe. Every side of every one's bonnet is thoroughly criticised during the sermon-time.

One day, while taking my accustomed walk along the river-side, I met our vicar proceeding leisurely to pay a round of pastoral visits. It happened that some time before the family of a rich shopkeeper from the next town had come to reside at a very handsome villa near Ballygarriffe. But though they probably possessed as much money as half the other residents put together, their want of "blue blood" of course prevented their being received into our circle.

"Good-morning, ma'am," said Mr. Ringston as he passed me, laying, as he always does, a peculiar emphasis on the "ma'am." "I am going to pay a visit to the Carrolls."

I made some slight reply, and he went on. When returning, I met him just issuing from the gate, while a peculiar blandness was diffused over his ruddy visage.

"Well," he exclaimed, "I have had a delightful visit!"

"I am glad," I said, "that you found Mr. and Mrs. Carroll so agreeable. I believe they are most worthy, excellent people in their line of life."

"Oh, yes," responded our vicar fervently; "and besides, they are people of sound judgment, of clear and admirable intellect. Mr. Carroll told me that I could have the use of all the horses in his stable, whenever I wished; and before I had been five minutes in the drawing-room, Mrs. Carroll rang the bell, and ordered in cake and wine. Mr. Carroll then suggested champagne, and it was brought in immediately."

The dull and stupid among us, the deficient in intellect, *alias* in cake, horses, and champagne, are constantly wishing that our vicar could be fairly sent off to convert the nepoys, or be consecrated bishop of Boriobools-gah.

## THE FAIRY OF THE HOUSE.

BY MARK LEMON.

A Fairy's in my house,
And works such wondrous changes!
As silent as a mouse
From room to room he ranges.

My table's plainly spread
With a simple joint of mutton—
He comes! and there's instead
A banquet for a glutton.

Our cracked piano's old,
But—doubt not what I'm saying—
Its wires ax turns to gold,
And angel-hands seem playing.

I've oft seen girls and boys,
Who squall and call it singing,
But let him join!—the noise
Seems then like sweet bells ringing.

Sometimes they dance and play
What Nurse calls "Meg's vagaries,"
He links their hands, and they
Seem then all graceful fairies.

He leads me to the bed
Where each lov'd one reposes,
Their pillows seem o'erspread
By him with thornless roses!

And that he may not rove
He wears one golden fetter:
My wife has named him Love,
I know no name that's better.

LIVINGSTON AND A LION.—He caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake by a cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced on all animals killed by the carnivora; and, if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth-wounds on the upper part of my arm. A wound from this animal's tooth resembles a gunshot wound—it is generally followed by a great deal of sloughing and discharge, and pains are felt in the part periodically ever afterwards. I had on a tartan jacket on the occasion, and I believe that it wiped off all the virus from the teeth that pierced the flesh, for my two companions in this affray have both suffered from the peculiar pains, while I have escaped with only the inconvenience of a false joint in my limb. The man whose shoulder was wounded showed me his wound actually burst forth afresh on the same month of the following year.—*Dr. Livingston's Travels.*

☞ There is in human nature a general inclination to make people stare, and every wise man has to cure himself of it, and does cure himself.

## THE LOVE KNOT.

BY NORA PERRY.

Tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her raven ringlets in.
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair.
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,
Where the wind comes blowing merry and chill;
And it blew the curls a frolicksome race,
All over the happy, peach-colored face,
Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them in,
Under her bewitiful, dimpled chin.

And it blew a color, bright as the bloom
Of the prettiest fuschia's tossing plume,
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl
That ever imprisoned a romping curl,
Or, in tying her bonnet under her chin,
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill—
Madder, merrier, chillier still
The western wind blew down and played
The wildest tricks with the little maid,
As, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

Oh, western wind, do you think it was fair
To play such tricks with her floating hair?
To gladly, gleefully do your best
To blow her against the young man's breast,
Where he so gladly folded her in,
And kissed her mouth and her dimpled chin?

Oh, Ellery Vane, you little thought,
An hour ago, when you brought
This country lass to walk with you,
After the sun had dried the dew,
What perilous danger you'd be in,
As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

—*National Era.*

HADN'T CALLED YET.—In one of his visits to England, Sir John Stevenson had taken private apartments for himself and servant—an unadulterated native of the verdant isle. Being much engaged on some musical compositions preparing for the press, and finding his time much taken up by morning visitors, he took the precaution one day of denying himself, and thus delivered orders to that effect:—"Now, Patrick, remember I'm going to be particularly occupied for the next two hours, and I won't be at *home*, mind, if *the Bishop of London calls*." "Very well, your honor; I'll take care," replied the obedient attendant, as he closed the door. Sir John now sat down to his pianoforte, and was soon immersed in the interest of his occupation, when, in about ten minutes, he had reason to congratulate himself upon having provided against intrusion, for a loud knock at the street door proclaimed the usual routine of idlers. What, then, was his surprise and mortification when he saw his room-door flung open, and Pat, with his usual smile of welcome, ushering in three gentlemen! After the simple fellow had placed chairs for the visitors, a quick glance from his master's eye told him that he had *somehow* committed himself, but the organ of *potato*-ism was too prominently developed to allow him to comprehend exactly *how*, yet shrewdly suspecting that Sir John's evident vexation was connected with his admission of the present visitors, and with a view to deprecate his displeasure, and prove to his master that he had not infringed the particular order he had received from him, with much significance of look, and force of emphasis, he said—"Plase, Sir John, *the Bishop of London* hasn't called *yet*."—*Mrs. Matthew's Miscellanies.*

ENGLISH WOMEN AND BYRON.—"You talk," said Benjamin, "like one of the foolish maidens—love is not, with our modest English women, such an Ætna fire, such a desperate affair, as you make out. She would have fainted, and have cried and moped a good deal; but once show her that her love was misplaced, and she would root it out although her heart bled for it. She was a staunch one, I know: game as that terrier dog, and used to make sacrifices, as every woman is." "Tut, tut," quoted my father, gaily, snapping his fingers at my uncle's ignorance—"man's love is not of man's life, but a thing apart; 'tis a woman's sole existence." "I appeal to you, young man," said the soldier, earnestly, "not to listen to his teachings. You are young, you may read him, but, mind you, no man of sense reads Byron after twenty-five. I appeal to you on the immodesty of his clever poem, for you know what Byron meant by love. I appeal to you on the lying spirit of the thing. I ask you if you know of one English girl in fifty, and you, Captain, if you know of one English matron in a hundred, of whom it may be said that love was their whole existence!"—*The Train.*

SHE HAD THEM THERE.—A lady in town chances to be unfortunate in the opinion of some of her neighbors. A physician has of late been necessitated to visit her family rather frequently. There being no hitching-post before the lady's own door, the doctor several times fastened his horse to a post in front of a neighbor's residence. This he was shortly warned not to do again. So, when next the Æsculapius made his appearance, he asked the lady, who was at one of the windows of the house, where he should 'tie up.' 'Let the horse stand,' was the prompt reply; '*the neighbors will watch him for you!*' Enough of those same neighbors heard the complimentary remark—we only hope it did them good. But that's nothing to what the inhabitants of—well, suppose we call it Squeezeville—used to be. We were there once; only rode through the town—came again eleven years after—rode through again, and heard one chap say to another, "Jest look—he's got a blue snapper on his whip-lash this time."

A NEW STORY OF SPURGEON.—A friend tells us a story of the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, the English sensation preacher, which has never been in print. Recently, during one of his discourses, a respectable gentleman was so carried away by the eloquence with which he invested his subject, that at the close of a brilliant sentence he could not avoid exclaiming, "Good!" All eyes were of course fixed upon him for the moment, and his embarrassment can be imagined. At the close of the services the gentleman went up to Spurgeon, and asked his pardon for an interruption which, he said, the excited state of his feelings must excuse.

"Say no more, my dear sir, say no more," was the minister's answer. "Do it again whenever the spirit moves you. If you hear a preacher say anything that stirs the blood within you, don't fail to shout out 'Good!' If every one were to do so, we should have better preachers and better men."

☞ Passion makes them fools, which otherwise are not so; and shows them to be fools which are so.

MAKING FINE SPEECHES TWICE OVER.—Sometimes, but rarely, one may be caught making the same speech twice over, and yet be held blameless. Thus, a certain lecturer, after performing in an inland city, where dwells a *Littératrice* of note, was invited to meet her and others over a social tea-cup. She pleasantly referred to his many wanderings in his new occupation. "Yes," he replied, "I am like the Huma, the bird that never lights, being always in the cars, as he is always on the wing." Years elapsed. The lecturer visited the same place once more for the same purpose. Another social cup after the lecture, and a second meeting with the distinguished lady. "You are constantly going from place to place," she said.—"Yes," he answered, "I am like the Huma," and finished the sentence as before.

What horror, when it flashed over him that he had made this fine speech, word for word, twice over! Yet it was not true, as the lady might perhaps have fairly inferred, that he had embellished his conversation with the Huma daily during that whole interval of years. On the contrary, he had never once thought of the odious fowl until the recurrence of precisely the same circumstances brought up precisely the same idea. He ought to have been proud of the accuracy of his mental adjustments.—Given certain factors, and a sound brain should always evolve the same fixed product with the certainty of Babbage's calculating machine.—*O. W. Holmes, in Atlantic Magazine.*

BATHING IN SIAM.—The Siamese spend three-fourths of their existence in the water. Their first act on awakening, is to bathe: they bathe again at eleven o'clock; they bathe again at three; and bathe again about sunset: there is scarcely an hour in the day when bathers may not be seen in all the creeks, even the shallowest and muddiest. Boys go to play in the river, just as poor English children go to play in the street. I once saw a Siamese woman sitting on the lowest step of a landing-place; while, by a girdle, she held in the water her infant of a few months old, splashing and kicking about with evident enjoyment. Were not these people expert swimmers, many lives would be lost; for the tide flows so swiftly, that it needs the greatest skill and care to prevent boats from running foul of one another; and, of course, they are frequently upset. On one occasion, our boat (an English built gig) ran down a small native canoe, containing a woman and two little children. In an instant they were all capsized, and disappeared. We were greatly alarmed, and C—— was on the point of jumping in to their rescue, when they bobbed up, and the lady, with the first breath she recovered, poured forth a round volley of abuse. Thus relieved in her mind, she coolly righted her canoe—which had been floating bottom upwards—ladled out some of the water, and bundled in her two children, who had been meanwhile, composedly swimming round her, regarding with mingled fear and curiosity the barbarians who had occasioned the mishap.

## DEATH.

Somewhere on this earthly planet,
In the dust of flowers to be,
In the dew-drop, in the sunshine,
Sleeps a solemn day for me.

At this wakeful hour of mid-night,
I behold it dawn in mist;
And I hear a sound of sobbing
Through the darkness—hist! oh hist!

In a dim and murky chamber,
I am breathing life away;
Some one draws a curtain softly,
And I watch the broadening day:

As it purples in the zenith,
As it brightens on the lawn,
There's a hush of DEATH about me,
And a whisper: "He is gone!"

—*Russell's Magazine.*

THE ORIGIN OF "HIP! HIP! HURRA!"—During the stirring times of the crusades, the chivalry of Europe was excited to arms by the inflammatory appeals of the well known Peter the Hermit. While preaching the crusade, this furious zealot was accustomed to exhibit a banner, emblazoned with the following letters, H. E. P., the initials of the Latin words, "*Hierosylma est perdita*" (Jerusalem is destroyed). The people in some of the countries which he visited, not being acquainted with the Latin, read and pronounced the inscription as if one word—HEP. The followers of the Hermit were accustomed (whenever an unfortunate Jew appeared in the street), to raise the cry, "Hep, hep, hurra!" to hunt him down, and fleah upon the defenceless Israelite, their maiden swords before they essayed their temples with the scimeter of the Saracen.

BY AND BYE.—"By and bye" is the bridal bell of the world. It is rung by the hands of Hope, and proclaims the wedding of the heart to-day with the bliss of to-morrow. When we were children we fancied the school-bell rang out an articulate "come to school" or "go and play—go and play." More real and audible beats the universal heart, "by and bye—by and bye." Like the arrow that the fairy bore on, when the force of the bow was spent; like the cloud and the pillar that went before the host in the desert, is "by and bye;" there's a promised land and a thousand summer isles beyond it. Whether it beats beneath Ishmael's dusky vestment, or the snowy billows of Circassian bosoms, it is forever blest, and forever by and bye.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.—Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes, and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasant to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground; judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.—*Lord Bacon.*

CHINESE POLITENESS.—As a specimen of Chinese politeness, take the following placard in a garden in Canton:

"In this garden the plants are intended to delight the eyes of all visitors; a great deal has been expended in planting and in keeping in order, and the garden is now beginning to yield some return. Those who come here to saunter about are *earnestly prayed* not to pluck the fruit or flowers, in order that the beauty of the place may be preserved. *We beg persons who understand this notice to excuse it.*"—*R. Fortune's China.*

## MY CHILD.

One night, as old Saint Peter slept,
He left the door of Heaven ajar,
When through a little angel crept,
And came down with a falling star.

One summer as the blessed beams
Of morn approached, my blushing bride
Awakened from some pleasing dreams,
And found that angel by her side.

God grant but this;—I ask no more:
That when he leaves this world of sin,
He'll wing his way for that blest shore,
And find that door of Heaven again.

DAVID BARKER.

THE FIRST DEATH.—Eighty years ago, old Mr. Sheridan performed the part of Cato at one of the Dublin theatres. His dress consisted of bright armor under a fine-laced, scarlet cloak, and surmounted by a huge, white, bushy, well-powdered wig, (like Dr. Johnson's,) over which was stuck his helmet. It was singular how he could kill himself without stripping off the armor before he performed that operation. Once, when playing Alexander the Great, he threw the javelin at Clytus, whom happening to miss, he hit the cup-bearer, then played by one of the hack performers, a Mr. Jemmy Fotterel. Jemmy very naturally supposed he was hit designedly, and that it was some *new light* of the great Sheridan to slay the cup-bearer in preference to his friend Clytus, (which certainly would have been a less unjustifiable manslaughter,) and therefore he ought to tumble down and make a painful end, according to dramatic custom from time immemorial. Immediately on being struck, he reeled, staggered, and fell very naturally, considering it was his *first death*; but being determined on this unexpected opportunity to make an impression upon the audience, when he found himself stretched out on the boards at full length, he began to roll about, and kick most immoderately, exhibiting symtoms of excessive torture, and at length expired with a groan so deep that the audience believed he was killed.

LOVING INFLUENCE.—Blessed influence of one true-loving human soul on another! Ideas are often poor ghosts; our sun-filled eyes cannot discern them: they pass athwart us in thin vapor, and cannot make themselves felt. But sometimes they are made flesh; they breathe upon us with warm breath, they touch us with soft responsive hands, they look at us with sad sincere eyes, and speak to us in appealing tones: they are clothed in a living human soul, with all its conflicts, its faith, and its love. Then their presence is a power, then they shake us like a passion, and we are drawn after them with gentle compulsion, as flame is drawn to flame.—*Blackwood.*

## Useful Receipts.

KEEPING NUTS.—If "Nut Cracker" will place the nuts he wishes to keep in a small keg, pressed down as tight as possible, and head them up or pack them in a strong deal case, with the covering tightly nailed down, and put them away in a dark, damp vault, or cellar, until required for use, he will find on opening them that they are in first-rate condition, even eight or nine months hence. I have just completed laying in my usual winter stock, of upwards of four tons, which I shall not commence to use before May next. They are all well trodden down in clean, dry flour casks, and stored away in my vaults which are under ground.—*Taylor, a Fruit Salesman, in London Field.*

TO DETECT THE ADMIXTURE OF CHICORY WITH GROUND COFFEE.—Shake the suspected coffee in water in a wine-glass. If the coffee is pure, it will swim, and scarcely color the water. If adulterated, the chicory will sink, and give a deep, red tint to the water. Or, throw the mixture into a glass of water, a deep tint will be produced almost immediately if chicory be present.

TO PREVENT FOOD BURNING TO THE KETTLE.—There is a difficulty in stewing fruit, making apple sauce or sweetmeats, as well as cooking apples, pumpkins, potatoes for starch, about its burning and sticking to the kettle. To prevent this difficulty, it is suggested by a writer in "The Homestead" to place clean rye straw in the bottom of the kettle under the fruit. That used for domestic cooking should be whole straw cut at the joints and divested of husks. It is easily separated from the fruit after it is cooked, and will save it from all burned taste.

A CHEAP MEAL FOR THE HARD TIMES.—By giving a place to the following, I consider that you will be rendering a great service to many families who now find it necessary to economize their slender incomes. I have used it in my own family for some time past, and find it to constitute a very cheap, nutritious, and wholesome meal:

3½ lbs. Indian meal; 1 lb. of suet, chopped fine; a handful of salt; a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Mix well together, and pour over sufficient *boiling* water to soften the whole mass. After which pour on the whole one quart of *cold* water. Then sprinkle over it three quarters of a pound of flour, and stir it well. Divide into five puddings, putting them into floured cloths, tie tight, put into *boiling* water, and *boil full three hours*. This makes a cheap and delicious pudding, which can be eaten hot, or left till cold, and then fried. Eat with syrup. Cost: meal 9 cents; suet 10; flour, salt, soda, ect., 6—total 25 cents. This will give a family of twelve persons two comfortable, wholesome meals.—*Life Illustrated.*

CHEAP PAINT.—If any of your readers wish to use a very cheap and substantial paint, of a drab-color, without luster, let them mix water-lime with skimmed milk, to a proper thickness, to apply with a brush, and it is ready to use. It is too cheap almost to estimate, and any one can put it on who can use a paint-brush. It will adhere well to wood, whether smooth or rough—to brick, stone, or mortar, where oil paint has not been used, in which case it will cleave to some extent, and form a very hard substance, as durable as the best of oil paint.—*Country Gentleman.*

HOW TO KEEP EGGS FRESH.—Be sure to have the eggs fresh; put two or three dozen in a colander, pour boiling water over them, and as soon as they are dry, roll each one in a paper, as lemons are put up, and stand them on the small end. I kept eggs last winter this way, without freezing, in the cellar way, when everything in the cellar froze solid. I have those now that I put down in July, as fresh as new ones. To be kept in a cool, dry place.—*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

## NIAGARA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Wild from his northern fastnesses,
The loud prophetic river—
Sowing the limitless fields of air
With his deep-voiced, infinite thunder—
Tramples the dark cliffs under foot
In his headlong glorious mission
To the shaken hills, and the echoing caves,
And the gray primeval forests!

Back from his awful forehead streams
The blossom of all the ages—
The shaggy lengths of his hoary locks
Dashed wild against the bare heads—
And wide on the rending tempest sweeps
His mantle of revelation!
And grasping the fadeless bow of heaven
His shadowy hands are lifted,
Whilst he shouts in the dialect of the storm,
To the cowed and trembling nations!

The winds take up the mighty strain
And the forests bow before it—
And on the hoary-fronted rocks,
And the sovereign brow of heaven,
In light, and shadow, and burning stars,
And the leap of the solstic lightnings,
In the rainbow mantle, and the sunset hues
Is written the broad translation,
And the green isles thrill with an inner sense
Of its awful rhythm—Jehovah!

Alone, alone in his might sublime,
And grand as a frowning angel,
He standeth betwixt the vibrant crags
Old as primeval darkness,
Shaking the hills with his psalm of strength,
Like the voice of the resurrection,
Whilst out of the hollow, abysmal foot
Of the universe, he poureth
The white baptismal wine of God,
Distilled in the sphere of thunder,
On the penitent, uptorned brow of earth,
Cooling her ancient fever.

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

# LYNDON HALL.

(CONCLUDED.)

### CHAPTER V.

What had passed into Lyndon Hall? or rather, what had passed from it? The very birds seemed to sing more cheerily in that hoary beech-row, and the Colonel himself forgot his drill manners. Lucy's fascination over him was more potent than ever, and smoothed him to such pleasant serenity that even Norah was included in the general amnesty, and her chain lengthened by a couple of links at the very least. The young men, of course, proposed to leave; but the Colonel, prompted by Lucy, would not accept their dismissal, and insisted on their remaining some weeks longer.

The walks and drives about Lyndon were very lovely. Norah had always taken great delight in them, in her little, quiet, silent way; but she thought them more beautiful than ever now. But the hedgerows looked greener, the dew lay more brightly on the glittering grass, the flowers were more numerous, the birds sang more sweetly this year, than on any preceding years: there was a life, a freshness, a luxuriance she had never noticed before: it was nature without her mask of clouds. She did not know that the change was in herself, not in outward things, and that the light which lay so bright and lurid on the world, was the light of freedom, not of heaven. Every one noticed the change in Norah. The very servants discussed it in their hall.

Norah and Edmund were frequent companions. This was by Miss Lucy's manœuvering. Having made up her mind that they were the two Halves of which the Germans speak, she did her best to fit them together. She hoped to accomplish her moral masonry before Gregory's return: when it would be too late to "hark back."

"This is pleasant, Lucy," said Norah, suddenly. She and her friend were sitting on the lawn: Edmund, half-lying at their feet, reading aloud. Launce was away with the Colonel, inspecting some improvements.

Lucy looked down at Edmund. She saw his face flush, and his eyes grow large and dark.

"Yes, very enjoyable," she answered. "What do you say, Edmund?"

"I think enjoyable too cold a word," said Edmund, raising his eyes to Norah. "Take my advice," said Norah, hastily. "Do not despise coldness. Do not strain after excess of expression or unbridled feeling. There is nothing like self-command, Mr Thorold, believe me."

Lucy and Edmund exchanged looks; but Edmund's was full of pain; in Lucy's was a slight sneer, as she thought what a shameful trick Fate had played them all, to throw him at the feet of one who had not strength or power enough to love him: to waste all that fire and energy in watering desert sand. Ah! if that same Fate had but given Gregory to her—his love would have met a far different return.

"My view of life, and of love, is sympathy," said Edmund, gently. "Sympathy certainly cannot change our natures: it cannot make the passionate cold, or the cold passionate: it cannot bend the strong, or nerve the weak: but it can modify. If our uncontrolled impulses wound the one we love, it seems to me the manifest duty of the man, who is the stronger, to fashion himself, so far as he can, into such form as his friend would have him wear; and to check for her sake, all outward expression of what he may not be able to destroy within him. I understand no self-assertion in the man who loves."

Norah did not answer. While Edmund spoke, she looked at him earnestly and sorrowfully, with something very like tears in her eyes. But Norah's tears seldom passed the boundary of her lids.

"Not many men are like you," at last she said with a gentle sigh.

"Oh! he is such a gentle, loving creature!" said Lucy to her, when they were alone. "Edmund always reminds me of that statue of the youthful genius you are so fond of: and, by the bye, he is not unlike it, in feature; so gentle, so kind, so considerate to others, so full of rare right feeling." She bent her eyes on the little creature earnestly.

"Yes, he is a very interesting boy," Norah answered, cordially. "I never know one I liked to be with so much, or who put me so entirely at my ease. And that is no slight praise from such a nervous person as I am!" she added, half laughing.

Lucy reported her words to Edmund, and cost him a night's rest thereby. It was not only the fulfilment of his own love—for he knew he loved her—that he sought, but her deliverance from a man who held her by force, and made her life a burden to her. We all know what a terrible lever to love is fanaticism, and the belief that love is duty.

Norah saw nothing. She had been too long accustomed to the fiery noon of Gregory's passion to see what forms were floating in the soft dim twilight of Edmund's tender affection. Unconsciously she encouraged what she did not recognize. By her gentle kindness and her evident preference; by her silent friendship; by her girlish confidence, she aided hourly in consolidating the fatal fancy she would have destroyed at once, had she known of it. But it never occurred to her that he meant love when she meant only kindness, or that she was answering a passion when she gave back mere kindness. Then, he was so young—such a mere boy?—only just her own age!

Gregory had now been away three weeks. He wrote letters daily that might have been traced in fire: so fiercely loving and so full of burning anguish. They were less painful to Norah than his presence; but, though only letters, they were singularly trying to her. She dreaded them in a weaker degree, but in the same manner as she used to dread his visits and his passionate prayer: "Norah, let me speak with you!"

He said nothing of his return, and nothing of his business. The Colonel alone knew what that business was; and was discreet. Thankfulness at his absence swallowed up curiosity in Norah, and hope in Lucy; so that days and days were on, and no mention was made of his return. And still Lucy's brothers stayed at Lyndon Hall, and Edmund's soul went deeper beneath the waves which give back nothing living.

But Launce? Oh! good-tempered, genial, soft-hearted Launce looked on and wondered; and, when he did not wonder, laughed. As for the Colonel, he thought his way was clear before him. Surely he had secured all the approaches! Surely she had not an inch of ground left for defence or for retreat; but, more surely than all, she was willing to capitulate, and did not seek for defence or retreat. And he—he would be proud of his beautiful prize; he would parade her before the eyes of the world, as a priceless gem in a gorgeous setting. He was satisfied there were no flaws in the jewel, and that he would not be disgraced by wearing it. So, the sooner it was set upon his hand the better for her, and the happier for him. But this was just what Lucy did not want. It was premature and disorganizing. The explanation must be delayed at least till Norah's affair was settled; and yet the Colonel had grown so pressing. What should she do? Foolish girl she had been!—why had she heaped up the coals so high? What she had lighted for amusement in the first instance, threatened conflagration now to all around; and no one was to blame but herself. She could have wept at seeing her mine sprung too quickly, and at her inability to stave off the dreaded hour. But weeping her spiteful tears, or smiling her most blandishing smiles, it was all one to Fate and the Colonel: the hour came on inexorably. Colonel Lyndon of Lyndon Hall made her a formal offer of his hand and fortune, in the bay-window of the drawing-room: sitting on the ottoman, and offering this precious prize in such a tone of provoking certainty, that Lucy could have boxed his ears with good-will. As she could not afford herself that satisfaction, she accepted him.

"At all events," said Lucy, to herself, "if Gregory and Norah do marry, and I do not wish to tie myself to this old gentleman—but Lyndon is a fine place!—I can always break it off when I like. Better that chance, than refusing him, and being obliged to leave Lyndon, and to have all my plans destroyed. But no one was to know of it," said Lucy, coaxily. "It was their dear little secret, and they would keep it sacred for a few days yet."

And the Colonel assented. Thus Lucy gained more breathing time.

### CHAPTER VI.

"See, how beautiful it is!" said Edmund, standing on the flight of steps leading to the lawn. "Will you not come out into the garden, Miss Lyndon? Pray do! it is so delicious, and it will do you good."

He asked her earnestly, and Norah smiled, and stepped through the open window. They strolled on the lawn, Edmund talking as she loved to hear him, in that deep, gentle, half-poetic, half-metaphysical, and wholly vague and dreamy way of his, which, by its very vagueness, seemed to open new worlds to Norah.—She listening quietly and with a certain absorption to which poor Edmund gave a warmer percentage than simple intellectual pleasure. Interested and unconscious, Norah by degrees, drew towards the shrubbery. Still listening, she passed through the narrow path, and up the long walk, to the garden-chair beneath the beech-trees.

"Let us sit here," said Edmund.

Norah disregarded the omen of place, and sat down. He stopped speaking. Surprised at his silence, she looked up. The look which met hers—the plaintive, long, beseeching look—surprised her still more. But she did not read it correctly.

"May I speak to you candidly and without reserve?"

"Yes," answered Norah, perplexed.

"Miss Lyndon," he began; but his voice failed him. "I am afraid of displeasing you," he then said, anxiously.

"Oh, no, you cannot displease me, Mr. Thorold. What have you to say? I am not afraid of any explanations with you," and she smiled.

"Thank you—thank you for that word!—Then you will hear me patiently and quietly, and without anger, whatever you may reply?"

"Yes," said Norah, with a frank, but still perplexed expression, saying to herself, "what can he mean?"

"Have I deceived myself?" he then began: "have I read your heart only by the light of my own? But no! it cannot all be only the reflection of myself! You do feel for me kindly, affectionately, with sympathy—is it not so, Miss Lyndon? You do!"

He spoke earnestly, but oh, so gently!—his soft voice falling like music on the air, his manner so controlled, so respectful!

"Yes," said Norah, looking frightened, "I do feel all this for you."

"No more? Must I be content only with *friendship*? Oh, Norah! I can keep my secret no longer. Promised though you are to another—but promised to one you do not love, and with whom you are unhappy and ill-assorted—it is no dishonor to seek to *free you*. If you can gain sufficient strength to break off your present engagement, Miss Lyndon, the whole study of my life will be how best to make you happy: how best to shape my life to yours."

He took her hand;—it was cold and trembled.

"I am sorry you have said all this," Norah answered, in a low voice, "for now I have lost my companion. I do not love you, Mr. Thorold, and I did not know that you loved me.—You were a prized companion—the first I have ever had—and I liked you, and felt grateful to you: but indeed, indeed, I do not love you."

Edmund made no complaint. He only shivered, and turned paler than Norah herself, his forehead and upper lip standing thick with heavy drops.

"Then you love your cousin, who is expected back so soon—perhaps this very day—to claim you?"

Norah was silent.

"I did not know that," continued Edmund; "I did not believe you loved him."

Still she did not speak; she only shuddered slightly and looked down.

"But you forgive me for my presumption?" said the poor youth, grievingly, doing his best to prolong the conversation—the last he might ever have with her alone, or on that dangerously dear topic.

"Forgive you?—yes!—but it is not presumption. I have been to blame for not having understood your feelings better. Forgive you! Indeed, yes! but there is no forgiveness needed!"

She spoke fast for her, and almost with warmth.

He raised her hand to his lips, without any show of passion, in a quiet, subdued manner only, then left her—very sadly, but patiently and calmly—Norah looking after him sadly, too—feeling as if she should never see that young slight form again.

She was still looking after him when Gregory stood before her. Livid, haggard, worn, with a light in his eyes as in those of a panther about to spring, he stood before Norah like an evil spirit. Norah screamed, and started to her feet. Then, summoning all her self-possession, she sat down again, slowly stiffening into the statue-like, passive, painful immobility which was all that Gregory knew of her.

"I have heard your conversation," said Gregory, bitterly. "Is this the way you keep your vow, Norah? Answer me at once, and without subterfuge, is this what you call faithfulness?"

"I have broken no vow," said Norah.

"No? Then perhaps my ears have deceived me; perhaps I have heard nothing; perhaps it is a dream—a fancy—and young Edmund Thorold has made you no offer of his love. Am I mad, Norah? Am I dreaming? Have I my actual senses, and yet you dare tell me to my face that you have kept your faith with me?"

"If you have heard all, cousin, you will know that I have done so."

"Proof of which, I find my rival pouring out words of love to you! That looks like woman's faith, surely. Oh, Norah, Norah!" he cried, dropping this bitter satire of his manner for the wild love natural to him, "is it not maddening for any man to have the thing he loves profaned by the love of another? Is it not torture, think you, on returning home to claim the treasure of one's life, to find a rude hand laid on the casket, and one's very title disputed? Norah, what did I hear when my eager blood had flown to my heart for joy to find myself so near you,—what did I hear? A boy telling you that you did not love me, and you suffering the lie to go forth uncontradicted! Not love me!—not love me! Ay, before God and man, you do! I have come for you, Norah; I have come to bid you fly with me to-night; to leave all, and follow me, as you swore you would do; to be mine—indissolubly mine—before heaven and the world; never more to be taken from me—never more to be separated. Norah, Norah! I call on you now to fulfil your promise, and to come!"

"To-night, cousin? Secretly! Without my father's knowledge! No, no!" said Norah, terrified.

He seized her in his arms.

Despair and terror nerved Norah. "No, cousin, no," she said, "I cannot do this without my father's consent."

"Then that had spoke true. You do not love me," groaned Gregory. "Oh! what prevents my killing you now, as you lie back upon my arm? What better death for both?" he muttered, passing his hand inside his vest, and laying it on the handle of a dagger always worn there.

"You may kill me if you will, cousin," said Norah, her terror lending her the semblance of courage.

"Kill you! Not a hair of that golden head should come to harm by me!" cried poor Gregory, pressing his lips upon her head. "My life! my love! Harm from my hand? Never! Never! Harm to myself first. But you love me, too?"

"No," said Norah, "I do not love you, cousin."

"You do not love me? Then you love him? Woe to him!"

"Cousin," said Norah, faintly, "I do not love him. I love no one."

Norah never knew, in after years, how much was true, and how much fancy, of what she thought she remembered of the time when her cousin leapt the meadow-hedge, and she told him, with the courage of despair, that she did not love him.

Twilight was drawing on. In a distant part of the park, Edmund Thorold was seen by a pair of watchful eyes to walk by the river-side. The youth was thinking of the scene beneath the beech-trees; lamenting over his ill-fortune—grieving that he had tempted fate too soon—but, above all, grieving that he must leave the first and only woman he had yet found to realize his ideal; that he must leave her to slavery and misery, while he went out to desolation and despair. He sat down on the branch of a tree overhanging the river, just where it ran most rapidly, through the arches of the bridge—where it was deepest, wildest and noisiest. A stealthy step crept up to him as he sat; but he saw nothing: his face was pressed upon his arms, and these were laid against the tree, and the rushing water deadened every sound. Suddenly he heard a cry. He started up. A dark face glared over him; a hand was on his throat; and he was swung through the open air like a child, then dashed heavily upon the rocks below. A slight moan, a faint stirring of the limbs, the broken eddy boiling and roaring for a moment, then closing again; and the river ran reddened over a bleeding corpse.

That night Lucy Thorold eloped with Gregory Lyndon.

### CHAPTER VII.

The next day Lyndon Hall was in confusion. Edmund missing—not at home all night; Lucy flown; Norah like a ghost; Gregory seen stealing about the place in a mysterious and burglarious fashion—all these wild reports met Colonel Lyndon as he descended to the breakfast-room, where Launcelot Thorold, agitated and abashed, was the only one to greet him. Norah had not yet come down. It was with great effort that she came at all, for she was painfully ill.

"What does this mean?" said the Colonel, angrily. "Is all the household in league to bewilder me? Do you understand it, Mr. Thorold? Where are your brother and sister? Where, too, is Norah? What" (an untranslatable expletive) "is the meaning of all this, sir?"

"I do not know where my brother is," replied Launcelot. "He has not been at home all night. My sister, I grieve to say—" He hesitated.

"Well, sir, what? Speak, Mr. Thorold? Your sister?" The old Colonel looked stern, pulled up his stock, and scowled, as if Launcelot had been the cause of it all.

"My sister—" began Launcelot. But here he was interrupted by a servant bringing in a small scented note, written in violet ink.

"If you please, sir, this is for you," said the man. "Justine, Miss Thorold's maid, gave it me. Miss Thorold left it for you on her pincushion."

The Colonel tore it open.

"My dear Uncle," it began—"for so I may soon hope to address you—at last, my happiness is at hand. Your nephew, Gregory, has, at last, understood that poor little Norah did not love him: no fault of hers, dear child; she did her best to obey you; but hearts are sometimes disobedient, and his has followed the—shall I say it?—first impulse of our introduction: he has loved me instead. I have known this for some time, but thought it prudent to be silent. This may account to you, dear uncle, for much which, at the time, you misunderstood, but in which I could not set you right, or enlighten you. To avoid unpleasantness to you and others, dear Gregory and I have decided on being married privately, away from Lyndon. When assured of your approbation—about which, however, I have no kind of doubt—we shall return to ask your blessing and recognition. From your expressed kind feeling for me, I am sure you will be pleased at my happiness in being made dear Gregory's wife. For Norah, I dare say she will find a husband nearer to her taste, and more similar in nature; and perhaps the two families will be even more closely united yet. Ask Edmund, dear uncle, where his heart is gone to; for it has been quite a chasse aux cœurs lately at Lyndon. I embrace you heartily. When Gregory and I come home to the Moat, I shall be very near you, and I shall hope to see you often. Your affectionate niece,

"LUCY.

"P. S.—I enclose a note which dear Gregory has just given me for you. Adieu! L. T."

Gregory's note was shorter, and more to the point. It ran thus:

"Dear Sir—My cause is lost. In searching among the papers which my father left sealed up in his lawyer's hands, we found—not a certificate of his marriage, but a confession, under his own hand and seal, which has left me a beggar. Yours truly,

"GREGORY LYNDON."

The reason of his marriage with Lucy was clear now.

Few persons would have recognized the Colonel after he had read Lucy's insolent, and Gregory's defiant letter. His self-possession vanished. Based on pride, not on self control, it could not bear so rude a shock as this. His military bearing broke down, as if it had been a pasteboard mannikin paraded before the world. He stormed, he swore, he raved and raged, and called Lucy naughty names, and threatened to shoot Gregory through the head, and insulted Launcelot, and abused Norah in really gross language, and said that if Edmund came near the hall again, he would have him horsewhipped by his groom. In short, he was a wild, mouthing madman, much too occupied with his own disappointment to feel any thankfulness at Norah's escape, or at his own. He did not remember this, nor think how he would have felt, had Norah been married before the crash and exposure came. He only remembered that his bewitching mistress had betrayed him, and that she had been deceiving and laughing at him during the time of her sweetest blandishments. Poor, starched Colonel, it was a rare fall for his dignity!

At this moment of supreme anger little Norah stole into the room, deathly pale and broken, but bearing up in the wonderful way proper to frail little women, who support trials which would destroy the robust. The sight of her renewed the Colonel's passion. He advanced to her menacingly, his hand uplifted. That gesture, and Norah's patient, timid, half-crouching attitude revealed a family secret to Launcelot. It seemed no new thing to the girl to have her father's hand turned against her; indeed, it was so usual, that she neither resented nor wondered at it. But Launce started forward and drew her hastily to his side, holding her, quite unconscious of appearances, with his left arm round her waist, while prepared to defend her with his right, even against her father.

The nearest approach to love which Norah had ever felt was then, when Launcelot Thorold took her on his arm. It was the first time in her life that she had ever known the real protection of a man—that protection of superior strength which is so sweet to women to receive. Her father had beaten and subdued her into mechanical submission; Gregory had overwhelmed her with his passion and overcome her by the force of his love; young Edmund had worshipped and reverenced her; but no one had ever before protected her, no one had made her feel her weakness a claim to aid and care. If Launcelot had read her heart at this moment, perhaps he, too, would have mistaken and hoped.

The Colonel baffled in his assault on Norah, turned against Launcelot, and a painful and undignified scene was the result; when in the midst of their highest altercation a small knot of men, bearing a body in the midst, was seen crossing the park. Both Launcelot and Norah were struck with the same foreboding.

"Stay here—you are safe," whispered Launce, rushing from the room, judging correctly that the Colonel's attention would be diverted, and that Norah was therefore left in no peril.

She saw him cross the lawn, and almost meet the men. But one of them, the head gamekeeper, stept forward and spoke to him, laying his broad hand on his arm in the honest equality of sympathy. Launce thrust him aside, hastily but not ungently; and then she heard an agonised cry, as he recognized his fair young brother, with a deep wound on his forehead, lying stark in the arms of his bearers. That beautiful young face! Even in death the glory of the love and genius which had animated it in life lay like a light across it. Beautiful young boy! What a fearful quenching of so much excellence, of so much rare promise and rich beginnings.

"God bless my heart and soul!" said the Colonel, when he heard the particulars. "How very unpleasant for me. It will be in all the newspapers."

The verdict of the coroner's inquest was, "found drowned." Norah told no one what she knew and what she suspected. Her evidence would have been priceless to the jury: but no one dreamed that she could have enlightened them. She had not been observed walking with Edmund through the shrubbery; and the gamekeeper was the last man who had seen him alive. It was possible that he had missed his footing and fallen headlong into the river; where, the blow having stunned him, it was not difficult to be drowned. There was no mark of struggling on the bank, no sign of personal violence: he had not been robbed; it was not known that he had an enemy in the world.

But, Launce was not satisfied, and Norah felt nearly certain of the truth. Launce, however, could do nothing. He could not bring his suspicions home to their object, or concentrate them into any intelligent act; and it never occurred to Norah to say to living soul what she thought or knew. She had been too well drilled into silence and reticence to get into trouble by too much talking. So the tragedy paled into the gray indistinctness of the past, and the precise circumstances were soon obliterated and forgotten.

Launce went back to his own home; the only one of those three joyous young creatures who had set out, so full of pleasure, for a mere ordinary conventional visit. But what a terrible ending to that ordinary visit! What a household wreck was swept back to them by the storm that had shaken Lyndon to the base. Poor Launce! he who had been, perhaps, the happiest of them all, and the most helpful to them all, now left alone, as the sole comfort of the wretched parents. How often he went over the old walks, and sat in the old seats, and lived again and again over every happy hour of that pleasant family life, which had had few equals in the county for beauty, hope and affection!

The Colonel never rallied after the shock. He sank rapidly into the old man: less stern and violent, but more peevish and irritable: more wearisome but less terrifying. He would not allow Norah to quit his presence for half-an-hour, and he found fault with her, in a querulous way, all the time she was there. But she lost all personal fear of him. It was a duller life even than formerly, but not so violent; more wearisome, but not so destructive. Norah wore her fetters as patiently as she used in old times, when they cut deeper and made scars, but were less heavy. She changed in nothing; she glided through life always the same pallid, timid, silent, retiring creature; more like a slave purchased by money than the heiress of the great Lyndon estates.

In a dirty garret in Paris lived Mrs. Gregory Lyndon and her husband. How they lived, indeed, no one could have told; not even themselves. He was a furious gambler, and as furious a drunkard: passing days, and nights, and weeks from home; not jealous, or solicitous for his wife, because profoundly indifferent to her. He would have been thankful for any act of hers which should have allowed him to get legal, if shameful deliverance from her. But poor Lucy's day of thoughtlessness had gone. A slatternly, neglected woman, she was a virtuous, if a wretched one; and, though she had long ceased to love her husband, she had both pride and early principle remaining. None of her family knew where she was. They had tried to trace her, but Lucy having thrown every possible obstacle in the way, after months of weary search, they were forced to leave her to her self-appointed fate. And what a fate! Drunken orgies, squalid misery, vice, crime, starvation, brutality—these were the matins and the vespers of Lucy's marriage altar. She never knew how her husband gained his money—for all did not come from the gaming-table—but she dared not question him. Gregory had learnt his uncle's habit with women, and Lucy had more than once had reason to know that her husband's hand was hard, and her husband's arm strong. At last, a more than ordinarily daring outrage on the public code of private possession, threw Gregory into the hands of the police. False coinage will not always ring, and false notes will sometimes betray unskillful writing. He was arrested as a forger, and condemned to the galleys for life. But, before he had been twenty-four hours in prison, the latent malady, always near, broke out; and so Gregory was sent to Charenton instead of to the Bagnes,—to the hospital for the mad, not to the stronghold of the criminal.

When Lucy heard of this, and knew that in any case she was practically divorced from her husband, she wrote home to her mother; besought forgiveness and aid, and—would not Launce come to see her? They were too glad to be able to forgive her, and Launcelot set off for Paris ten minutes after the letter reached the house. In a few days, Lucy was once more under her father's roof; and, by the time she was thirty, not a trace of her terrible experience was left on her. She was handsomer than ever, as worldly, as self-possessed, as luxurious. No one who saw the beautiful young widow as she lived and moved in the calm state of home, would have imagined that she had once lived in a Parisian garret, cooking her own food—when she had any—but more often going without; bruised and trampled on by a forger and coiner; with sometimes only a ragged gown as her sole covering; sometimes indebted for the bare necessaries of life to the poor charbonnier and the poorer portress—to the chiffonnier in the room next to hers, to the little grisette a stage lower—obliged for dear life, to people whom she would have passed by, now, as loftily as if her misery and theirs had never come together. But, she used to talk grandly of her Parisian life, and often quoted the time "when I lived in that bewitching Paris." Which sounded well.

A short time after Lucy's return, Colonel Lyndon died, and Norah was left sole heiress and proprietor. Launcelot, at her request, went over to the Hall to advise and assist her. She had no friends and no relatives, and she remembered that Launcelot had once put his arms about her and shielded her from her father. Thus Lyndon Hall and its mistress eventually passed into Launcelot's possession: and as Norah's calm and peaceful days flowed on, no one would have surmised the trials and sufferings of her youth. She had not loved Gregory or Edmund—did she love Launcelot? She did love Launcelot—a happy English wife in a happy English home.

## THE GREAT PENNSYLVANIA DOG "PRINCE."

This extraordinary production of the Keystone State, is barely a year old, and therefore far from being fully developed. His dimensions are nearly as follows:—Height, 37 inches; length, 7 feet 9 inches; girth of body, 41 inches; girth of fore leg, 13 inches; girth of neck, 25 inches; weight, over 200 pounds. Such is his strength, that a man weighing 200 pounds may spring on his back without causing him to flinch. He has been accustomed to carry a boy on his back; consequently he requires but little practice to make him a first-rate "saddle-dog." He is owned by Mr. Francis Butler of New York, and valued at $1,200.

"Prince" is now in England, and recently had the honor of an introduction to the Queen and Prince Albert at Windsor Castle. Her Majesty and the Prince Consort are stated by Mr. Butler to have been much interested in this remarkable dog, his gigantic proportions, and symmetrical beauty, with which are combined dauntless courage and perfect docility. Several photographs were taken of him in the Palace-yard, by Mr. Bambridge, photographer to the Prince Consort; and a sensation was produced in the Royal Barracks, at Eton College, and throughout the town of Windsor, on the appearance of this extraordinary visitor.

The European doctrine of the degeneracy of animals on the American continent—combatted by Mr. Jefferson in his "Notes on Virginia"—does not seem to be sustained by "Prince."

CLERGYMEN'S WIVES SHORT-LIVED.—A writer in the Puritan Recorder, who appears to have looked into the subject, proposes the alarming inquiry, whether their wives are as long-lived as those of other men. He says:

"In the space of a few brief years, twelve ministers, in seven contiguous parishes, have each buried a wife, and two of them two wives. And of these ministers, not more than one is yet an aged man. Their wives, in almost every instance, have died while they were young."

## THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

The Report of Mr. Howell Cobb, Secretary of the Treasury, exhibits the state of the Treasury—already shown by the President's Message. He takes ground against an increase in the Tariff, using the usual arguments against the Protective System. We make the following extracts from the Report:

### THE TARIFF.

It is an error to suppose that the occasional revulsions which have so seriously affected our manufacturing interest is attributable to the want of a high protective system. In the policy which the Government has adopted of allowing many of the raw materials used by them to come in, either free of duty or at low duties, in the incidental protection which a tariff laid for the purpose of revenue gives them—in the increasing consumption of their productions, brought about by the general prosperity of the country, they will find the most ample encouragement that could reasonably be expected or desired. Like all other interests in the country, they suffer from the too frequent changes of the tariff, and from those fluctuations in business which flow from causes wholly distinct and separate from the tariff question. What they need is steady prices, a sound currency, and protection against the ruinous effects and expansions in the credit system. From a free and unrestricted commerce with the world, no interest in our country would derive a more certain and permanent benefit than the manufacturers.

Rejecting the proposition to raise the tariff as a measure of relief, and looking to the probable receipts and expenditures for the present and next years, no change is recommended in the Act of March 3, 1857, at this time. The present tariff is not recorded as perfect; far from it. It has, however, been in operation less than six months—a length of time too short to judge of its workings, even under the most favorable circumstances. This fact, in connection with the revulsion in business, makes it wholly impracticable to form a correct judgment upon its merits. There are changes which should be made as soon as it can be done with propriety. A return to the decimal division in the rates of duties, a more accurate classification of various articles, and other amendments, would greatly improve the law, if it should be found by experience unnecessary to make any radical change in its general provisions. The propriety of postponing any action upon the subject, until an opportunity has been offered of testing its general merits, seems to admit of no serious doubt.

### THE MONETARY REVULSION.

Returning to the question of relief which is expected from the Government, it becomes necessary to inquire into the cause of the present revulsion, as preliminary to the consideration of a proper remedy for it. Public opinion generally holds the banks responsible for all our embarrassments. The true cause is to be found in the undue expansion of the credit system. The banks constitute an important part of that system; but there are other elements entering into it which, equally with the question of the banks, demand public consideration.

Credit, confined to its legitimate functions, is the representative of capital, and when used within that limit, may extend and invigorate trade and business; when it ceases to be such representative, it stimulates over-trading, excites speculation, and introduces an unsound state of things in the business of the country. It is this undue expansion of credit which has brought the country to its present embarrassments. The extension of bank credits, and the over-issue of bank notes, is a part, and a very important part, of this undue expansion. A spirit of speculation being created, a demand is made upon the banks for the use of their credit, and yielding to the pressure, they respond by the increased issue of their notes, and by enlarging their discounts. The extent to which the banks have enlarged their credit beyond its proper limits is not to be measured alone by the amount of their circulation.

At the time the New York city banks suspended specie payments in October, they reported a larger amount of specie in their vaults than their notes in circulation, and, notwithstanding this fact, they were unable to meet the demands of their creditors promptly with specie, owing to their credit operations under their deposit system. Having extended their own credit, and enabled their customers to do the same, they were unprepared for the revulsion which came upon them. If it be true that our embarrassments have been occasioned by the cause here assigned, we must look beyond the action of the banks, to the operations of other corporations, as well as individuals, to fathom the entire cause of our difficulties. The limits of this Report will not admit of a detailed examination of this subject, but a solitary illustration will present the subject in its proper light. In answer to a circular letter addressed to the various railroad corporations of the country, the information contained in table No. 9 has been obtained. It appears from this statement that the capital of these companies amounts to $491,435,-601, their indebtedness to $417,243,664. The annual interest upon the latter sum is $25,093,-203, their annual income was $48,406,488.

It is proper here to remark that this statement is not entirely accurate; some of the companies failed to respond to the circular of the department, and in such cases, the returns made by them during the preceding year, and contained in the last Report of my predecessor, have been used in the preparation of the table. Whilst it cannot, therefore, be considered as perfectly accurate, it approximates sufficiently near for the illustration of my argument. It exhibits the extent to which this class of corporations has contributed to that expansion of credit which is properly chargeable with the recent revulsion. It is due to a large class of our railroad companies to state that this excessive indebtedness is not equally distributed among them. Some have conducted their business with the utmost propriety and success, whilst others have so far exceeded these limits as to present the foregoing aggregate result of railroad operations in the United States.

The undue expansion of credit, which stimulated in some an eager desire to borrow, and in others a willing disposition to lend, which engendered schemes of improvident speculation, leading to rapid fluctuations in prices and habits of extravagance, I regard as the principal cause for the embarrassment existing in the commerce of the country. The only efficient remedy for such evils is to be found in a return to the prudent courses and steady habits which, for a time, were unhappily laid aside. This Government could do but little towards extricating individuals, corporations, or communities from the pernicious consequences of their extravagant expenditures or ill conceived enterprises. When credit has been extended so far beyond the bounds of legitimate confidence as to create a revulsion in trade, occasioning a fall of prices, and a destruction of private credit, a speedy adjustment of the relations between creditor and debtor, by liquidation and settlement, is the surest mode for the restoration of the equilibrium.

Wild and chimerical speculations will thus have their termination, industry will be better enabled to realize its sober expectations, and the substantial interests of society, being relieved from the noxious influence of excitement, over-action and disorder, will resume their accustomed energy in communicating a healthful and vigorous activity to the business of the country. The proper agency of the Government in such a case is to remove whatever impediment may exist to the exertion of the native force of society, and to extract from the experience they have gained, lessons to be embodied in wholesome and well-considered laws to prevent the recurrence of the evil.

It is evident that the great moneyed corporations created under the laws of the States, have had a controlling influence in the undue expansion of private credit. In many of the States, the legislation in respect to these is stringent, and embodies many of the safeguards that experience has suggested for their regulation.

But it will not be denied that this legislation has been nugatory. The State authorities have already manifested an eager disposition to relieve them from the penalties they have incurred, and to dispense, as far as they were able, with the performance of the obligations they had exacted from them when they were organized. This has been done, in some cases, without an inquiry into their condition or management, or their capacity to resume their position as solvent institutions, or even to protect the community from a depreciated paper currency.

In my judgment, the period has arrived for Congress to employ the powers conferred by the Constitution upon it to mitigate the present evil, and to prevent a catastrophe of a similar kind in future; and for this purpose a compulsory bankrupt law, to include two classes of corporations and companies, is necessary. It should be a law for the protection of creditors, not the relief of debtors; to prevent improper credit, not to pay improvident debts; compulsory, not voluntary. The effect of such a law would be felt more in its restraining influence than in its practical execution.

I do not recommend a law similar to either of those which have heretofore existed, and were abandoned after a short and unsatisfactory experience. The first was adopted the 4th April, 1800, and was repealed the 19th December, 1803. It provided for a compulsory process of bankruptcy against those merchants and commission agents, at the suit of creditors, whose insolvency had become manifest by certain overt acts of fraud or defalcation, and effected a collection and distribution of the estate of the bankrupt through the judicial tribunals of the United States, which was followed by his discharge from the debts his estate had not satisfied. The second act was passed 12th August, 1841, and was repealed the 3rd March, 1843. This act, besides the compulsory system of the act of 1800, contained a system of bankruptcy, to be applied on the petition of an insolvent debtor, of any class or profession, and to result in his relief from his debts and engagements, upon the surrender of his property, and compliance with other conditions of the act.

There are grave objections to the present adoption of the systems developed in these statutes. The voluntary feature of the act of 1841 is rejected as unwise, unjust, and unnecessary. It was this provision which rendered that law so justly odious in the public mind. Nor do I propose to extend the provisions even of a compulsory bankrupt law to the numerous cases covered by the act of 1841. It is better to leave to the operation of the insolvent and bankrupt laws of the several States all cases which do not from their magnitude and importance affect the general commercial and business interests of the country. It is believed that the power of the States is ample to meet such cases, and the propriety and policy of exercising such powers will, sooner or later, be developed by the lessons of bitter experience.

The two cases which it is now proposed to bring under the operation of a compulsory bankrupt law are banks and railroad corporations.—The immense capital employed by these companies, their controlling power and influence in the commercial and business operations of the country, their disposition to expand and enlarge their credit, and the ruinous effects produced by their operations when carried beyond legitimate bounds, impose upon the Government the duty of providing, by every constitutional means in their power, for the safe, proper, and legitimate conduct of such corporations. The facts which are presented in other portions of this Report, developing the condition and operations of these two classes of corporations, will fully justify the policy now recommended. The object is not to injure them, but to protect the community. The effect will be to restrain their operations within proper limits, and thereby insure to the country all the benefits they are capable of conferring, without the accompanying hazards of wild speculations and ruinous revulsions.

In closing my observations on this subject, it is proper to state that these recommendations are not formed in any spirit of hostility to these corporations and companies, nor am I insensible of their vast importance in the commercial system of the United States. Nor have I any disposition to denounce any punishment, nor to subject them to any loss, in the present conjunction of their affairs. My object is to place them in subjection to wholesome laws, so that, while the benefits they yield to the community may be preserved, their excesses or errors will be counteracted or prevented.

The details of any act, formed on the principle I have suggested, should be adopted after an enlarged inquiry into their condition, and should embody the most liberal provisions for the security of the rights of the persons interested in them. A reasonable time should also be allowed to the corporations which are now in default, to re-establish themselves before this act becomes operative.

### THE INDEPENDENT TREASURY.

The remarks already made in connexion with the Independent Treasury of the General Government, are here applicable to the effect that would be produced by such a policy. The collection and disbursement in specie of the revenues of both the General and State Governments, not to speak of the various city, town and country corporations, would constitute such a demand for specie, at all times, as to require its retention in the country. The banks, knowing that they were liable to furnish their note-holders with this specie, would regulate their issues accordingly, and would consequently be restrained from excessive over-issues, which render suspension of specie payments by them inevitable when a crisis comes, which requires them to do what they ought always be ready to do—pay their debts.—The apprehension that such a requirement by the State Government would operate oppressively upon the people, would prove as unfounded as it did in the case of the General Government. State taxes are now paid, most generally, in bank notes. These notes profess to be representatives of specie. If they are, the tax-payer could easily convert them into specie. If they are not, then they ought not to be received as such either by the State Governments or the people. The very object of the law is to guard against the latter contingency, and thus to secure to the country a sound paper currency, always convertible into specie.

Under the operation of an Independent Treasury system, adopted by each of the States, there would be no difficulty in retaining in the country a sufficient amount of specie, not only for the purposes of the Government, but also to secure a sound paper currency. As long, however, as the present system lasts, this result cannot be looked for. One would suppose that the large increase of gold in the last few years would have enabled the banks to have protected themselves against the necessity of suspending specie payments. Such should have been the case; but it has not been, and will not be, until some policy, such as is here recommended, is adopted, which will compel them to keep sufficient specie in their vaults to meet their issues. Since the discovery of gold in California, in 1849, there has been coined at the Mints of the United States the sum of $400,000,000, and even a larger amount has been added from that source to the gold of the world. At that time, it was estimated that there was in the United States $120,000,000 of specie. Of that amount, the banks held $43,000,000; upon which they issued a circulation of $114,743,415. Their deposits at that time amounted to $91,176,623. It is estimated that there is now in the United States $260,000,000 of specie, and of this sum, the banks have $60,000,000; upon which they have issued a circulation of $214,778,825, and their deposits have increased to $230,351,352. It will be seen from this statement that, with the increased quantity of specie in the country, the banks have only increased their specie from $43,000,000 to $60,000,000, whilst they have increased their circulation from $114,743,415 to $214,778,822. No one supposes that such would have been the case if, during this period, the financial operations of the various State Governments had been conducted upon the principle of the Independent Treasury system. It is confidently believed that such a policy would have saved the country from the present bank suspension. If, at the time the General Government was making its disbursements in specie at the commencement of the present crisis, the same operation had been going on from the different State treasuries, the effect necessarily would have been to have supplied every demand in the country for specie, and the banks, already restrained within legitimate bounds, would have been enabled to have pursued their usual business without serious interruption.

In this connection, it cannot fail to attract observation, that at the very moment when the General Government, through the instrumentality of the Independent Treasury system, was meeting with promptness its liabilities of every character, and by the very act of disbursing its specie funds, affording relief to the banks and the country, the State Governments, for the want of such a system, were unable with nominally full treasuries, to pay their debts, and, in the effort to do so, were subjected to the charge of either paying their liabilities in depreciated currency, or adding to the distress of the country by their demands upon the banks for specie funds. These difficulties are the legitimate fruits of their past policy, and for the present must be endured: it will be their own fault if another revulsion should find them in a like condition.

As an additional restraint upon the tendency of the banks to over-issue, as well as for the purpose of keeping an ample supply of specie in constant circulation, the suppression of all bank notes under the denomination of twenty dollars is recommended to the consideration of those under whose jurisdiction these State institutions exist.

## THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT

The following abstract of the Postmaster General's Report will be found interesting:—

MONEY ORDERS.—The Postmaster General makes but brief allusion to this important subject. He refers to the outline of a plan transmitted to a Committee of Congress by his predecessor, but makes no recommendation further than to remark that the system has worked successfully in Great Britain. The number of money-orders issued in that country has increased from 186,921, in 1840, to 6,178,962, in 1850; and the aggregate of money thereby transmitted from £313,124, in 1840, to £11,805,562, in 1856. It is to be hoped that some plan will be devised that will give the people of this country the advantages of such a system.

CITY POSTS.—In referring to the increased facilities for the delivery of letters by carriers, recently directed to be put into operation in Boston, Philadelphia, and New York, regret is expressed that the carrier's fee cannot be reduced to a uniform price of one cent, in consequence of the law requiring that the entire cost of delivery shall be delivered out of the carriers receipts. A modification of this law is recommended so as to give the Postmaster General authority to have the delivery made at one cent a letter, whether the carriers' receipts are sufficient to meet the expenses or not.

EXPRESS AGENTS FOR THROUGH MAILS.—One of the prominent subjects which have demanded attention is that of providing more effectually for the regularity and safety of mails conveyed on railroads.

It is frequently charged that the mails have not uniformly equal expedition with travellers on railroads; and, in so far as this may be the fact, it is considered attributable to the want of attention to the mails on the express lines which are without agents of this department. The evil, therefore, can only be remedied by employing additional agents to accompany mails long distances without changing, and guard against all delays that can possibly be avoided, and especially to see that passengers enjoy no advantages over the mails, but that both are equally expedited under all circumstances.

In this connection, express route agents have been placed on the through lines from Philadelphia to Cincinnati, and elsewhere, each of whom accompanies the mail all the way through. This excellent plan is to be extended to other through routes.

NEW ORLEANS AND NEW YORK.—The frequent failures and delays in the great through mail between the two points above named, has led to the consideration of a proposed route by sea from New York to Fernandina, Florida, thence by railroad across the peninsula to Cedar Key, and thence by steamers to New Orleans. This route there is a proposition to traverse in five days, for an annual compensation of $456,250. For an additional $100,000 the mails can be carried by this route from Cedar Key to Aspinwall and back, twice a month, and from Cedar Key to Key West and Havana, and back, twice a month; in five days from Cedar Key to Aspinwall, and thirty-five hours from Cedar Key to Havana.

MAIL SERVICE ON THE MISSISSIPPI, BELOW THE OHIO.—In discussing this subject, so beset with difficulties, the Postmaster General looks forward with evident satisfaction to the day, now close at hand, when steamboat service will be discontinued, and when the great through mails from Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis, and other important cities of the West, can be transmitted to New Orleans in less than half the time now required, and with the regularity of a well-constructed and well-managed railroad.

OVERLAND MAIL SERVICE TO CALIFORNIA.—This is the last, and perhaps the most important, topic of the Report. It is certainly made very interesting by the manner and ability with which it is discussed.

Under authority of a law of the last Congress, the Postmaster General has made a contract for transporting the entire letter mail from St. Louis and Memphis, converging at Little Rock, Arkansas, by El Paso and Fort Yuma, to San Francisco, California, and back, twice a week, in four-horse post-coaches, suitable for passengers, *in twenty-five days*, for $600,000 a year. The same is to commence September 1, 1858, and the contract is to continue six years. This route, which is different from any that was bid for, was chosen after a most patient and laborious investigation. It appears to be clear from the facts stated in the Report, that no other is open the entire year, and it was imperative from the character of the service, that the route selected should be naturally a good one, as this unquestionably is.

The distance from Memphis to San Francisco is 2,103 miles.

Upon this subject the Report remarks, that as a pioneer route for the first great railroad that may be constructed to the Pacific, the Postmaster General has bestowed upon it all the labor and examination which the multiplied business of his department would allow of. If all or a greater portion of the railroads from the large cities and the States East of the Mississippi had concentrated at any point on that river, such points would have been selected for the overland route to California. But such is not the fact. They concentrated chiefly at St. Louis, Cairo, and Memphis.

Finding, therefore, no common centre on the Mississippi, the next desirable object was to find some common point west of that river from which a main stem could be projected passing westward to California. If you started out from St. Louis west, you must lose all the connections with the Memphis and Cairo railroads; but by starting out from St. Louis, and diverging south with her railroad now making to her Iron Mountain, you will presently receive the great railroad coming out from Cairo, so richly endowed that it is sure to be made at no distant day.

Still bearing south-westward, we presently receive at Little Rock the other branch of the road from Memphis, connecting the line with all the great railroads of Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, and Kentucky. Not far from Little Rock the Vicksburg and New Orleans and Texas railroads fall in, bringing in from almost every portion of the great river, all the connections which all the Atlantic States north and south can make to that great highway which we are trying to establish. Thus it is that we have found west of the Mississippi what we could not obtain on it—a common concentration of railroads to a single point from which the future railroad may commence, swollen and enlarged in its common stem by the contributions of the railways coming in from nearly every State of the Union.

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THE political complexion of Congress stands as follows:—Whole number of Senators 62. Democrats 37: Republicans 20: Americans 5. Democratic majority 12. Whole number of Representatives 234. Democrats 128: Republicans 92: Americans 14. Democratic majority 22.

## REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

We give the following abstract of the Report of the Secretary of War. It shows the necessity for an immediate increase in the army, which at present consists of nineteen regiments, divided into ten of infantry, four of artillery, two of dragoons, two of cavalry, and one of mounted riflemen, the whose strength of the army as posted, consisting of about 19,684 men, the actual strength on the first of July last being 16,764. In addition to the movements which the troops have been called on to make this year, this force is called upon to garrison sixty-eight forts of a large and permanent character, so far as it is possible to supply men for the purpose; and to occupy seventy posts, less permanently established, where the presence of a force is absolutely required. The area over which these forts and posts are spread embraces a circuit of about 3,000,000 square miles. For the proper occupation of these posts, the military supervision of the external boundary of our country, the protection of the double line of Indian frontier extending from the Lake of the Woods to the banks of the Rio Grande, in the east side of the Rocky Mountains and from beyond the river Oregon on the British frontier to the head of the Gulf of California, on the western slope of these mountains, and the protection of the great lines of intercommunication between the valley of the Mississippi and Pacific Ocean, the Secretary recommends the raising of five additional regiments.

The army has been very actively and constantly engaged in the performance of arduous and important duties. In view of the menacing attitude of affairs in Utah, and the importance of a prompt and thorough suppression of the spirit of rebellion reigning there, the Secretary repeats his recommendation of five new regiments, which he considers the smallest addition to the army which the exigencies of the service will allow.

A number of defects in the organization of the army are pointed out, and improvements suggested.

The route from El Paso to the Colorado is designated as the most eligible route for the railroad to the Pacific, it being the shortest of all yet surveyed, and possessing advantages over the others, of grade, climate, distance across the deserts, and a sufficient abundance of water; but the consummation of this project, freed from all other difficulties, would require immense sums of money and a great length of time.

Meanwhile, it is recommended that at least two other routes for the passage of emigrants and the transportation of military stores, which, if the railroad were built, these routes would still be necessary to make accessible vast regions of our country, be at once opened and maintained, and a line of stockade posts established along them, to insure the safe and rapid transportation of the mails, and perfect protection to a telegraphic line from one ocean to the other, which latter object would in itself be worth far more to the country than the cost of the posts and the expense of maintaining them.

The military explorations and surveys are progressing satisfactorily, and every day is adding new and important facts to our present stores of knowledge of the geography and general character of the country lying between the valley of the Mississippi and the Pacific Ocean. Two expeditions have been fitted out expressly to explore tracts of country hitherto wholly unknown. The first was sent to the North-West, beyond the waters of the upper Missouri, towards the "Black Hills," and will, no doubt, bring valuable information; and the other is engaged in exploring the Colorado of the West, of which, to this time, nothing scarcely has been accurately known. The Secretary hopes that this exploration will result in discovering the best means by which the transportation of army stores can be effected to the interior of New Mexico and Utah.

The importance to the public service of establishing a national foundry is again impressed upon Congress.

The Secretary says on this subject: A well-managed national foundry would very speedily develope and establish facts which would add immensely to our national wealth. It is scarcely to be credited that, with the infinite variety of iron ores and their boundless extent in the United States, we should not have yet discovered a mine capable of making the very best gun, or if such be discovered, that there are no means by which the public service can be benefitted by it; but such is the fact.

A national foundry would serve as a great laboratory at which the qualities and value of metals throughout the whole Confederacy would be tested and fixed. Every variety of iron, with its especial adaptation to particular uses, would, in a few years, be familiarly known to the country, and individual enterprise would be saved in experiments many times the amount which the works would cost, whilst a great national branch of industry might, by this means, receive a legitimate and efficient encouragement.

There is but little doubt that many American iron ores are equal at least to those of Norway, and yet the national armories are driven by necessity to purchase from abroad the Norwegian iron for the manufacture of small arms. Choosing to have the best quality of arms, we must go abroad for the best quality of iron. A national foundry would soon teach us to improve the manufacture of iron, and we would be saved the mortification of bringing iron from abroad, and the money, too, we have to pay for it.

The cost of heavy guns would presently be diminished, and their quality would be, undoubtedly, very materially improved.

It therefore appears to me that every consideration of sound policy and economy demands the establishment of a national foundry, which I accordingly respectfully recommend.

The sea-coast defences are gradually but certainly advancing towards completion, and when finished will constitute a system of maritime defences formidable in extent and of great magnitude. It is considered that the harbor of New York will be impregnable from any attack from the sea when the fortifications now in progress are finished.

The remainder of the report is devoted to the result of experiments on arms, &c. The Secretary accounts for the very heavy expenditure in the Quartermaster General's Bureau by the extent and character of the country over which the operations of the army have extended.

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THE largest apple tree in the United States is standing within the limits of the city of Reading, Pa., on the farm of Wm. B. Schoener, Esq. It is called the President—a name given to it many years ago by the venerable William Schoener, father of the present owner. The stock or trunk of the tree measures five feet and a half in diameter; at a point a few feet above the ground there is a protuberance or excrescence of bark, of great thickness, not included, however, in the measurement. Its annual yield of apples was never less than sixty bushels. The apples in size were as large as the Fallenwalder. The tree is estimated to be over one hundred years old, and attained its present size fifty years ago. The upper branches are large massive columns, which would make ten ordinary appletrees, supporting, when in bloom, an arch of foliage of sixty-five feet in diameter, forming a circumference of over two hundred feet. Apple—yellowing green ground, faint red cheek, white flesh, sub-acid, juicy, short, thick stem, shape symmetrical, and all of regular size. Season from November till April. We have frequently enjoyed the apple, and found it of superior quality. The tree is evidently in its dotage, but ten years ago it was in prime bearing condition. The same kind of apple is not known to exist in the county, or elsewhere. A large number of fine graftings from this tree are now growing in various parts of the city.

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THE SEASON AT WASHINGTON.—A correspondent of the New York Evening Post, writing from the Federal city, states that "the financial distress seems to have affected Washington 'by the rule of contraries.' Rents are from twenty to thirty per cent. higher than they were last year. A larger number of members now own or rent houses than formerly. Many new, and some of them elegant, private houses, have been built, and people expect that the increase of private entertainments will make the season an unusually gay one."

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CAPTURE AND EXECUTION OF THE DELHI PRINCES.—We have been favored with the following extracts from the letter of a young officer to his friends in England. It is dated Dugshaie, a place about forty miles from Delhi, 29th September last:

A few days ago, Capt. Hodgson (of ours) went out and captured the King and brought him in a prisoner. He is at present confined in his own palace. A few days later he went out again, and came up with the King's sons and grandson. He had only 100 native horsemen of his own regiment with him, and the enemy about 10,000—3,000 of whom were fully armed Sepoys. Hodgson saw it was no use attacking them, so he sent an emissary to tell the Princes that the game was up with them, and that they had better surrender, which they did after some time, and came up to Hodgson, who immediately surrounded the carriage with his men. He sent for their arms, and, after hesitating some time, these also were given up, with seven elephants and lots of stores. On reaching the jail, Hodgson ordered the Princes out of the vehicle; they, imagining all was not right for themselves, began (native like) to talk and say they hoped there might be an inquiry into their conduct. Hodgson said "cheeproke" (be quiet) and ordered them to take off their fine clothes. When this was done, he said, "Now get in again," and ordered the driver to proceed. He then beckoned to one of his men for a carbine, and with his own hand shot each and all of the three Princes. He then took their bodies into the city and laid them out for inspection in front of the Kotwanlie, where these wretches had laid out their victims during the massacre. There are laes upon lacs of treasure and prize property in the city, and, if the city itself was put up for ransom, it would fetch upwards of fifty lacs.—*Ayrshire Express.*

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A MORMON PLACE OF REFUGE.—It is stated that the Mormons, among their other preparations, have not forgotten to look out a Canaan of refuge, in case the United States should disagree too severely with their patriarchal institutions. The "Saints" have, it appears, an excellent open road from their South-Western valleys to a settlement of their own on the confines of Lower California. This colony consists of between one and two thousand picked settlers—brave, prudent, industrious, and well-instructed not to give cause of offence to their Christian neighbors. The colony keeps up a steady communication with Salt Lake, six hundred miles distant; and it is scarcely to be doubted that they have planted other stations in the pleasant and fertile valleys scattered along this route. The inference is obvious from the systematic arrangement which opens the way into Sonora and Lower California, that the Mormons have contemplated the possibility of a retreat beyond the United States jurisdiction. They affiliate with the Indians, and probably are strong enough to hold both Sonora and Lower California against Mexico.

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FUGITIVE SLAVES IN LONDON.—Two good-looking quadroon girls, about 18 and 20 years old, were recently arrested in London for begging in the streets. They said they were fugitives from Kentucky, and that their passage was paid from America to England by some colored persons in Philadelphia; also that they had endeavored to gain subsistence as domestic servants, but found it impossible in England, on account of their color. The magistrate asked whether inquiries had been made as to the truth of the story? The constable replied that they had, and he had reason to believe that it was true. They expressed themselves willing to work for a livelihood if they could find employment. The magistrate told them that begging was prohibited in London, but, believing in the truth of their statements, he gave them four shillings from the poor-box, to purchase implements for knitting gloves, which they said they understood, and sent them away. He earnestly exhorted them not to be led away by bad women, and to avoid the streets of London.—*London Periodical.*

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A STORY FOR THE TIMES.—A few days ago we heard a singular account of a Western merchant. It seems he had been but a few years in business, and upon taking an account of stock found that his profits had been, as his ledger showed, some $60,000; in other words, that his indebtedness was $20,000 and his assets $80,000. Wishing to replenish, and elated by his great success, he went to New York, represented his great skill, and on the strength of it bought some $70,000 worth of goods on credit and returned home. A few weeks after he was back again in New York, proposing to compromise for forty cents on the dollar. "How is this?" said his astonished creditor; "a short time ago you were worth $60,000." "Why," said he, "the fact is, my book-keeper *made a mistake.* I was *owing* $80,000, and *had* only $20,000 *assets.*" The "phelinks" of those creditors can better be imagined than described.—*Mississippi paper.*

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THE BAY STATE MILLS.—The stockholders of the Bay State Mills, and of the Middlesex Mills, held meetings recently. It appears that about $500,000 has slipped away through the agency of the selling agents, Lawrence, Stone & Co. An exciting time was had. The debts of the concern are, in round numbers, $2,400,-000; its property $3,400,000, of which $1,500,-000 consists of real estate, mills, &c., and $1,900,000 in goods, materials, notes, &c. The capital of the Company is $1,800,000. Lawrence, Stone & Co., owe the Bay State Mills half a million of dollars, and the Middlesex Company about a quarter of a million. Very plain terms were used by some of the stockholders in speaking of the transactions of this firm, and especially of Mr. Lawrence. Mr. Slade, one of the firm of Lawrence, Stone & Co., is lying very low from an attempt (the second one) to commit suicide.

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TUCKERMAN'S MAIL DEPREDATIONS.—It is now discovered that Tuckerman has been committing his depredations upon the mails ever since last August. The aggregate available funds abstracted by him is not positively known, but of notes, drafts, &c., the amount is ascertained to have been immense—hundreds of thousands of dollars. The latter, there is little doubt, have been nearly all destroyed. Such, at least, is his admission, though a carpet-bag of his has been found containing notes to a considerable amount. At least $1,000 worth of postage stamps were in the stolen Philadelphia mail. These he offered to return to Mr. Holbrook.—Depredations among the letters destined for Europe were very great; and accounts, it is supposed, for the failure of many European houses to receive their remittances by the November steamer from Boston.

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THE NEW HALLS OF CONGRESS.—The Washington (D. C.) Union, of the 3rd instant says:—There was a large party of gentlemen and ladies present, (by invitation) last evening, in the new House of Representatives, to witness the manner in which it is to be lighted by gas. The light is supplied by 1,260 burners, arranged in squares above the centres of the glass panels of the ceiling, and they are lighted by a second series of pipes, which are thickly pierced for jets, and run before all the main burners. When the torch is applied at any point on the smaller series of tubes the flame runs all over them, and the main burners are thus lighted. The smaller jets are then extinguished. The effect of the hall when thus lighted up by gas, is even more gorgeous and dazzling than when seen by daylight.

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HAD HIS OWN WAY.—Franklin Holden, a good-looking merchant of Pen Yan, New York, has been sentenced at Albany to five years in the State prison for forgery. The Argus says that just as court was about to adjourn for the term, Holden made his appearance and peremptorily demanded trial, assuming the air of an injured individual. But that he came forward in a manner so bold his trial would not have taken place, and it is more than probable that he would have escaped prosecution forever on this charge. But he insisted on being tried, he would not allow so base a charge to overshadow his "fair fame" any longer. He was gratified, found guilty, and was sentenced to the State prison for five years.

## WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The late European advices, although of a more encouraging aspect for Breadstuffs, have had no perceptible effect upon prices. The market has been quite dull—the demand being limited both for export and home consumption, but at the close there was rather more inquiry for export. The receipts have been moderate, but there is no accumulation of stock. The sales for shipment comprise 12,000 bbls. at $5 ₰ bbl for standard brands; $5.25@5.37½ for extra; $5.70@5.87½ for half bbls, and $5.75@6.25 for extra family and fancy brands. There has been very little demand for Rye Flour. Small sales at $4.25. Corn Meal is very dull, but the stock is light. A sale of Pennsylvania was made at $3 ₰ bbl; and 500 bbls on terms not made public.

GRAIN—The supply of Wheat during the past week has been large, but the demand has been quite limited, and prices have fallen off 3@4c ₰ bush. Sales of 20,000 bush from $1 to 1,20 ₰ bush for inferior and choice red, and $1,18@1,35 for white—closing at $1,18@1, for fair and good red, and $1,18@1,25 for white. Rye has been in steady demand, and all offered has been disposed of at 75c for Southern, and 78c for Pennsylvania. Corn has been dull, and prices have declined 5@6c ₰ bush. Sales of 35,000 bush at 70@70c for old yellow, 52@56c for new; 64@70c for mixed, and 52c for a lot of new white, closing at our lowest figures. Oats have been dull, and prices have declined. About 10,000 bush Southern were disposed of—mostly at 33@34c ₰ bush, afloat. 5000 bush Barley Malt sold at $1,10, 6 days; some old do at $1,15, and a lot of New York Barley at 90c ₰ bush.

PROVISIONS—We have to notice a downward tendency in prices; supplies are beginning to come forward from the West more freely, but the stocks, as yet, are meagre. The demand for Pork is quite limited, and only 100 barrels were disposed of at $16,50@16,75 ₰ barrel, and prime at $15, cash and 60 days. City Packed Mess Beef sells in lots for ship stores at $17@17½, cash. *Bacon*—There has been but very little inquiry, and but little offering. Small sales of Hams at 11@11c, as to quality, and Shoulders at 9½@10c, short time. Bulk Meats are in limited request, and further sales of 100 casks have been made at 9@9½c ₰ lb, 60 days, for pickled Hams, and 7@7½c for Shoulders. Lard continues to come forward slowly, and is in limited request. Sales of barrels at 10@10½c, and kegs at 12½c ₰ lb, cash. Butter has been in better request. Sales of solid packed at 12@13c, and Roll at 16@21c ₰ lb, cash.

BARK—The demand for Quercitron Bark has been limited, and prices have again declined $1 ₰ ton.—Sales of 30 hhds No 1 at $25. Nothing doing in Tanner's Bark.

BEESWAX—Continues in steady request, and further sales of Yellow have been made at 27c ₰ lb, cash.

CANDLES—Are unchanged; 500 boxes City manufactured sold at 20c ₰ lb, on time, and a lot to go out of the market on terms kept private. Sperm and Tallow sold only in small lots, at former quotations.

COAL—Is dull. The demand continues limited, both for shipment and home consumption, but prices are without change. The cargo rates at Richmond are $3,75@3,95 ₰ ton, cash, for White Ash, and $4@4,15, free on board. Shipments by canal have now entirely ceased. No Bituminous Coal selling.

COFFEE.—The market has been quiet, in consequence of the announcement of another auction sale.—Sales of 500 bags Rio at 9½@10½c, 500 bags Laguayra at 11½c, and 400 bags Tringe at 9½@9¾c ₰ lb, on time, and 1800 bags Rio by Auction, at 9¾@10½c.

COPPER—Is very dull. We quote English Sheathing at 28c, and Yellow Metal at 22c ₰ lb, 6 mos.

DRUGS AND DYES—Very little doing. Among the sales were Soda Ash at 2½@3¼c, 6 mos; an invoice of Brazilletto Wood at $20, 4 mos; some Mexican Cochineal at $1,02½; and Refined Saltpetre at 7@15c ₰ lb.

COTTON—The receipts and stocks continue extremely small, but there is very little inquiry, and prices are rather weak and unsettled. Sales of 230 bales Uplands at 11¾@11¾ cents ₰ lb, cash and on time.

FEATHERS—The only sales reported are small lots of Western at 43@45c ₰ lb, on time.

FISH—Are dull, and there has been little demand for any description. For Mackerel prices are drooping. The sales have been confined to small lots from store at $11@11½ ₰ bbl for medium No 1's, $10@10½ for No 2's, and $9@9½ for No 3's. Pickled Herring sell in a small way at $4, and Codfish at $3¾@4¼ ₰ 100 lbs.

FRUIT—Currants are selling in a small way at 15@16c ₰ lb. There has been a steady inquiry for Raisins, with sales at $2½@2,35 ₰ box, and smaller packages at proportionate rates. Green Apples are selling freely from $2@2¾ ₰ bbl, as to quality. Dried Fruit is rather dull. Sales of Apples at 6@7c ₰ lb, and Peaches from 6@10c, as to quality, for unpeeled quarters and halves. Cranberries are selling at $6@8 ₰ bbl.

GINSENG—There is but little offering. Small sales of Crude at 45@50c ₰ lb, cash.

GUANO—The sales have been unimportant, and prices are nominal.

HEMP—There is but little here, and no sales have come under our notice.

HIDES—No sales have been reported.

HOPS—There is a moderate inquiry, and the sales are only in small lots at 34@35c ₰ lb for first sort Eastern and Western.

INDIGO—The demand is limited, but prices are steadily maintained.

IRON—The market for Pig Metal continues exceedingly dull, and the only sale reported is 200 tons No. 2 on terms not made public, and 100 tons do at $20 ₰ ton, cash. There is a wide range between the cash and time prices, and we omit our quotations for the present. Blooms range from $65 to $70 ₰ ton for the best Charcoal. Nothing doing in Scotch Pig Iron. Bar and Boiler Iron sell slowly at former rates.

LEATHER—The demand continues limited for Spanish Sole and Slaughter, at former prices.

LUMBER—Of all descriptions is dull, and prices are nominal. The recent arrivals of Laths remain unsold.

MOLASSES—This article, after a period of unprecedented dullness, is beginning to attract some attention, and prices are firmer. Sales of 50 bbls Cuba Muscovado at 25c, cash, and some New York Syrup on private terms. By Auction 25 hhds Sugar sold at 22½@23c, and 50 bbls Muscovado at 25c, cash.

NAVAL STORES—The stocks of Rosin, Tar and Pitch are very much reduced, and the transactions have been unimportant. Among them are some No 1 $3,50, and No 2 at $3. Spirits of Turpentine is in steady demand, and further sales of 200 barrels have been made at 47@48c, cash.

OILS—The sales of Fish Oils have been only in a small way within the range of our quotations. The stock of Lard Oil continues small, and prices are firm. Linseed Oil continues to meet a limited inquiry. Small sales were made at 53@55c, cash. Red Oil is scarce, and worth 60c, cash. A small sale of Rosin Oil, at 60c.

PLASTER—Has been in steady request, and further sales of Soft have been made at $3 ₰ ton.

RICE—The stock is very small, but there has not been much inquiry. Sales of 250 tcs at $3,50@3,75, cash.

SALT—Prices are unchanged. An import of Liverpool Fine has arrived to a dealer.

SEEDS—Clover seed comes forward more freely, and is in steady demand. 300 bush in lots at $5,25@5,37½ ₰ 64 lbs, and 150 bags from second hands at $5,50. Timothy ranges from $2,50 to 3 ₰ bush. The last sale of Flaxseed was at $1,25.

SPICES—No sales worthy of notice have been reported.

SUGAR—There has been a steady demand, and at the close some holders were demanding an advance of ⅛@¼c ₰ lb upon the highest rates. Sales of 900 hhds Cuba at 6¾@7¼c, and some Havana at 8c ₰ lb, on time.

TALLOW—Is in steady dem

## NEWS ITEMS.

THE SWISS CONSUL-GENERAL at Rio Janeiro has addressed to the French Council a report on the lamentable position of a great number of Swiss colonies in Brazil. He expressed a hope that the Swiss authorities will find the means of totally preventing emigration to Brazil.

NEGRO'S versus SEPOYS.—Letters from Nassau, N. P., state that the 2nd West India Regiment, consisting of colored men, has been ordered to join by the British Government, and it was expected that the men would particularly distinguish themselves.

COLD WEATHER.—A letter from Iowa, November 26, says the Mississippi is closed, and teams are crossing on the ice. In Minnesota snow was a foot deep, and the thermometer 2° below zero.

A CLERGYMAN of Greenfield, Massachusetts, in a discourse on the "hard times," on Thanksgiving day, requested his congregation to diminish his salary the coming year $100, in view of the financial pressure. His present salary is $400.

IN the Supreme Court, New York, a decision was recently rendered in the Lemmon slave case, affirming the previous decision of Judge Paine, declaring that the slaves are free—emancipating the general principle that a slaveholder cannot carry his slaves through a free into a slave State. Judge Roosevelt dissents.

THE late James Battle of Mobile bequeathed $500,000 to his widow, the Battle House to his grand-nephew, and $10,000 each to the Orphan Asylum and the Methodist Church.

A WOODEN LEG.—The guardians of a poor establishment in England have made a claim upon the widow of one of its late beneficiaries, now deceased, for a wooden leg of a first rate quality, which they had provided for the use of her husband in his life time. The widow resists the claim on the ground that the leg was a part of her husband while he lived, and is now a portion of his goods and chattels.

A WILL has recently been recorded at the office of the Register of Wills, in this city, in which after making a small bequest to one of the family, the following sentence occurs:—"This is all that I can bestow, but I am grateful that she has a kind husband, and will intercede, if I can, when called before the Throne of Mercy, for his continued success in this life and the life to come."

THE Post-Master of San Francisco has given notice that many letters arrive at his office from the Atlantic States *via* Panama, which are found adhering so closely together by sealing-wax that it is impossible to separate them without mutilating, and in many cases entirely destroying the addresses. It is important, therefore, that persons mailing correspondence for California and other ports of the Pacific coast *via* the Isthmus of Panama, should abolish the use of wax in sealing their letters.

CAPTAIN WALKER, of the South America, relates a fact which perhaps is worth repeating. He found two polar bears, a female with her cub, swimming in the Arctic Ocean, forty miles from land. And Captain Murdock, of the Nassau, states that he shot one *ninety* miles from land. During these long passages across seas and bays, which must take several days, they live on their own hair, or grease attached to it, as the hair is found in rolls in their stomachs when killed. Captain Walker took a barrel of bear's oil from the cub which he killed.

THE Auditor of the Bank Department of Indiana reports that only one bank, established under the free banking law, has suspended—the Tippecanoe Bank. There are ten banks now winding up and redeeming their circulation at par. The securities pledged for the redemption of the bank notes include: State of Indiana, $1,321,529; State of Virginia, $191,000; State of Missouri, $420,000; miscellaneous, $101,000; total, $1,931,529.

THE receipts of the Pennsylvania Railroad for the month of November were $360,443,69, being an increase of $7,321,60, as compared with the same month last year. The increase thus far this year is $203,299,27.

THE Message started to California for the use of the press of the Pacific side, by the last steamer.

ESCAPE OF MANIACS.—On Tuesday night, 8th inst., two insane patients effected their escape from the Maryland Asylum, at Baltimore.

THE Rochester Democrat says the quantity of butter in the hands of farmers is believed to be larger now than at any previous time for many years. The best roll is freely offered at sixteen cents, and firkins and country store lots are difficult to sell at fourteen cents. Even at these prices the article will scarcely bear shipment to the New York market.

GEN. WM. F. PACKER, Governor elect of Pennsylvania, was seized with a hemorrhage of the lungs recently, while out hunting. He has recovered so far as to be out of danger and to be abroad again, receiving the congratulations of his friends.

RELIGIOUS FEUD.—The dissension between the Catholic clergy and laity in Illinois, has become very sharp. Three hundred communicants of the Parish of St. Ann, have addressed a letter to two Priests in the interest of the Canadian Bishops, saying that the money used to promote dissensions among the churches had better be used in giving food and raiment to the poor.

WHEELING, VA., Dec. 10.—At one o'clock this morning, the college buildings at Bethany, Brooks County, Virginia, were entirely destroyed by fire, together with the furniture, three valuable libraries, extensive laboratories, chemical apparatus, and valuable papers. It is supposed the fire originated by incendiarism.

HON. N. P. BANKS has resigned his seat in Congress, to take effect about the 1st of January, when he will enter upon his duties as Governor of Massachusetts.

THE Legislature of Virginia have re-elected R. M. T. Hunter as United States Senator for the term commencing March 4th, 1859. His election was nearly unanimous.

A BURGLARY was committed on the night of the 9th instant, at the United States Custom House, in Oswego, New York. The safe was blown open with gunpowder and $500 carried off.

THE Rev. John Pierpont, of Medford, Mass., was recently married to Mrs. Fowler, a daughter of the late Archibald Campbell, of Campbellville, N. Y. Mr. Pierpont, who is widely known as a poet and advocate of Total Abstinence, was born in April, 1785. He is therefore entering into conjugal relations, for the third time, we believe, at the age of 72 years.

THE Boston Banks resumed specie payments on the 14th inst.

THE will of the late George W. P. Custis directs that all his slaves, some 200 or 300, shall be set free within the next five years, leaving it to his executors to provide the necessary funds from his estate to remove them from the Commonwealth.

A LIBERAL PUBLISHER.—The Rev. Mr. Caird preached a sermon before Queen Victoria, at Balmoral. That lady was pleased, and desired its publication. A friend of the preacher took it to Blackwood, in Edinburgh, who though "down" on sermons as unsaleable commodities, offered £100 for it, trusting to the circumstances of its delivery to make a sale. The sum was beyond the dreams of the preacher, and was accepted immediately. A few months after a letter from Messrs. Blackwood informed Mr. Caird's friend the sermon had sold so well that they begged him to forward to the reverend author another check for £400, which they enclosed. $2,500 for a sermon! The liberal spirit of the publishers cannot be too prominently held up for example.

COSTLY WEDDING APPAREL.—The young Countess Maria Dorothee de Castelline has just been united to Prince Frederic de Radziwill, a Prussian officer. Portions of the lady's wedding equipage were exposed in Paris. In the window were displayed sixty handkerchiefs, costing from two to three hundred dollars each. On some of them the embroidering of the arms of the house alone cost eighty dollars. The arms of the house of Castelline and Radziwill were interwoven and surmounted by the crown of the prince—all in pure gold. The threads were metallic, malleable, pure, and so arranged as not to dim in washing. There were seven cashmere shawls, of seven different colors—one was of white, embroidered with gold and turquoise.


## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 90 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON ROULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.
Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.


DEPRECIATION OF PROPERTY IN BOSTON.—Such has been the depreciation of property by the crisis and revulsion, that many persons of wealth have been reduced almost to poverty by it. It must be remembered, however, that a change of times may greatly increase the present market values. The Boston Transcript says the stocks of a deceased person's estate, which two years ago was appraised at $150,000, were sold and invested in State securities, and the difference between the market value of the stocks sold and the securities now held by the party is no less than forty thousand dollars. It is reported in financial circles that the personal estate of an opulent merchant who died in Boston less than four years ago, valued in 1854 at $1,800,000, and consisting mainly of railway shares and bonds, has shrunk so much during the past two years, that the depreciation is more than a million of dollars. It is stated that the manufacturing stocks owned by a single family have depreciated more than a million dollars in value within two years.

WOLVES IN MAINE.—The bears having monopolized much attention lately, says a Bangor (Maine) paper of the 5th, the wolves claim notice. On Wednesday night last, as Mr. Mitchell was driving a mail and wagon on the back Calais route from Beddington to the next stopping place, twenty miles from this city, being without passengers, his team was beset by a pack of wolves. They were about a dozen in number, and came on fierce and noisy.—Mitchell, however, drove up smart, which he had no difficulty in doing, as the horses were quite as much frightened as himself. As they pressed hard upon him and glared their eyeballs and gnashed their teeth about him, he let go the contents of a rifle, which laid out one of the hungry crew, and, for the time, checked their pursuit. This was providentially near the stopping place, upon arriving at which, the driver is said to have been pretty well overcome with excitement and fright. Wolves and bears are very plenty on the back route and very audacious.

THE LATE DUCHESS DE NEMOURS.—The *Independance Belge*, gives the following extract from a private letter written from London, by Dr. H. G. de Mussy, physician to the Queen Marie Amelie, to a friend at Brussels:—"I have just arrived from Claremont, where the Duchess de Nemours has died suddenly from an apoplectic attack. Her accouchement took place a fortnight ago. Never was a delivery less trying; never has maternity cost less pain. The health of the Duchess was excellent. She intended to leave her chamber to-morrow. She was dressing her hair, when she suddenly said to her nurse, 'I feel ill.' She was dead. I am overwhelmed with astonishment." The Duchess was the wife of one of Louis Philippe's sons.

THE FIRST SHAD.—Mr. A. Lawrence, of Tarrytown, New York, caught two shad week before last, in the North River, near that town.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 173—Adults 75, and children 98.

☞ "Doctor, kin you tell what's the matter with my child's nose? She keeps a pickin' of it."

"Yes, marm; it's probably an irritation of the gastic mucus membrane communicating a sympathetic titillation to the opthalium of the echmerian."

"There, now, that's just what I told Becky; she 'lowed it was worrums!"

☞ At the house of William F. Mott, an old and highly esteemed merchant of New York, was recently celebrated the Golden Wedding of himself and wife, being the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. There were none present but near relatives of three generations, and the occasion was one of much interest. Mr. Mott and lady are members of the Society of Friends, and are well known to all old New Yorkers.

### PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY
By R. B. JONES, LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SALOONS Nos. 727 and 729 Arch Street.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **MEATS.** | | | |
| *Beef.* | | *Mutton.* | |
| Roasting rib, ₩ lb | 14 a16 | Leg, Loin, Chp ₩ lb | 8 a10 |
| Sirloin steak | 14 a16 | Breast and Neck | 6 a 8 |
| Rump do | 12 a16 | Young Lamb, whole | $2 00 |
| Chuck pieces | 8 a12 | Whole carcase | 2 a 3 |
| Plates and navels Corned | 6 a10 | *Veal.* Fore quarter ₩ lb | 8 |
| Tongues, fresh | 65 a75 | Hind do | 11 |
| Leg, each | 31 a37½ | Chop | 12½ |
| Shin | 25 a37 | Cutlet | 12½ |
| Kidney | 8 a12 | Sweetbread, each | 10 |
| Liver ₩ lb | 6 | *Pork.* | |
| Dried Beef ₩ lb | 12 a20 | Young Pigs | $1 25 a1 50 |
| *Lamb.* | | Salt and fresh lb | 12 a 14 |
| Fore quarter | 75 a87½ | Feet ₩ set | 12½a 31 |
| Hind do | 1 00a1 12½ | Tripe ₩ lb | 4 a 6 |
| Chop ₩ lb | 10 a12½ | Lard do | 13 a 15 |
| Calves Head, each | 25 a37 | Hams, sliced | 11 a 15 |
| | | Bologna Sausages | 16 a 20 |
| **VEGETABLES.** | | | |
| Turnips bkt | 25 a 40 | Corn potatoes bu | 90 a1 10 |
| do ₩ pk | 12½a 14 | Cabbages doz | 87½a1 12½ |
| Beets bunch | 4 a 5 | Onions bus | — a1 50 |
| do ₩ bbl | 3 a 10 | Carrots doz | 12 |
| Salad head | 1 a 3 | Tomat's ₩ bf pk | 6 a 8 |
| S't Pot's ₩ bus | $1 25a1 75 | do ₩ basket | 50 a 62 |
| do do ₩ lb | 6 a 8 | Egg Plants, each | 3 a 10 |
| **FRUIT.** | | | |
| Apples ₩ bkt | 56a1 00 | Cranberries qt | 10 a 11 |
| do ₩ pk | 12½a 25 | | |
| **POULTRY AND GAME.** | | | |
| Spring Chickens ₩ pair | 31 a 87 | Sqh Pig's ₩ pair | 28 a 31¼ |
| Chickens ₩ pair | 37 a 1 25 | Woodcock | 50 a 75 |
| Pheasants | 25 a 37½ | Snipe, stead | 37½ |
| **SHELLFISH.** | | | |
| Tur'pin(South) dz | $1 a6 00 | Oysters, Absecom ₩ bkt | 62 a 80 |
| do(Ches & Del) | 6 a8 00 | do ₩ M | 4 a5 00 |
| Lobsters ₩ lb | 8 a 12 | M Riv Cove M | 3 a5 00 |
| Clams ₩ | 2 a2 50 | N Y do ₩ bbl | 10 a20 00 |
| **FISH.** | | | |
| Halibut lb | 10 a12 | Perch bunch | 6 a18 |
| Bass | 6 a 9 | Catfish | 12 |
| Porgies | — a 8 | Eels | 6 a12½ |
| Flounders | — a 6 | Salt Shad lb | 12 |
| Cod | 5 a 8 | " Mackerel | 12 |
| Blackfish | — a 8 | Dry Cod | 4 a 6 |
| White Fish | — a 8 | Sm'kd Herring bunch | 3 |
| Rock | 8 a12½ | Fresh Salmon lb | 35 a45 |
| **MISCELLANEOUS.** | | | |
| Butter lb | 28 a35 | Honey lb | 20 a25 |
| Roll do | 16 a20 | Sinsaraise casks | 2 a 3 |
| Eggs doz | 20 a22 | | |

### BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS.
*No. 39 South Third Street.*

PHILADELPHIA, December 12, 1857.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| PENNSYLVANIA. | | GEORGIA. | |
| Solvent banks | 1¼ dis | Solvent banks | 2 dis |
| Relief notes | par | SOUTH CAROLINA. | |
| NEW JERSEY. | | Solvent banks | 2 dis |
| Solvent banks | par to 5 dis | ALABAMA. | |
| DELAWARE. | | Solvent banks | 2 dis |
| Solvent banks | par | MISSISSIPPI. | |
| MARYLAND. | | All banks | uncertain |
| Baltimore | 2 dis | LOUISIANA. | |
| Solvent banks | 3 to 4 dis | Solvent banks | 2 dis |
| NEW YORK. | | OHIO. | |
| Solvent banks | 1 dis | Solvent banks | 2 dis |
| MAINE. | | KENTUCKY. | |
| Solvent banks | 1 dis | Solvent banks | 2 dis |
| NEW HAMPSHIRE. | | INDIANA. | |
| Solvent banks | 1 dis | State bank | 2 dis |
| VERMONT. | | ILLINOIS. | |
| Solvent banks | 1 dis | Solvent banks | 10 dis |
| CONNECTICUT. | | MISSOURI. | |
| Solvent banks | 1 dis | Solvent banks | 2 dis |
| MASSACHUSETTS. | | TENNESSEE. | |
| Solvent banks | 1 dis | Old banks | 10 dis |
| RHODE ISLAND. | | MICHIGAN. | |
| Solvent banks | 1 dis | Solvent banks | 10 dis |
| VIRGINIA. | | WISCONSIN. | |
| Solvent banks | 3½ dis | Solvent banks | 9 dis |
| DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA. | | TEXAS. | |
| Solvent banks | 2 dis | Commercial and Agricultural bk, Galveston | 20 dis |
| NORTH CAROLINA. | | | |
| Solvent banks | ¾ dis | | |
| CANADA. | | | |
| Solvent banks | 1 dis | | |

GOLD DISCOVERED IN KANSAS.—George Butler, United States Indian Agent in the Creek nation, writing from Talegah to the South-West (Missouri) Democrat, says that a portion of Kansas, between the 38th and 39th parallels, near Pike's, on the South Platte, is auriferous. Mr. Beck, from the mining regions of north Georgia, has visited that part of the Territory, and says that for three hundred miles around gold may be obtained. The Indian Agent says there is some excitement among the Creeks about these golden discoveries. He says further that it is unsafe for small companies to visit the gold section, in consequence of the presence of hostile tribes of Indians.


IMPORTANT.

YOU FEEL DEBILITATED.
YOU FEEL NERVOUS.
YOU ARE WORRIED ABOUT TRIFLES.
YOU CANNOT WORK WITH ENERGY.
YOU DO NOT FEEL LIKE DOING ANYTHING.
YOU HAVE NO APPETITE.
YOU CANNOT SLEEP AT NIGHT.
YOU FEEL WEAK.
YOU FEEL DIZZY.

Then use *Hoofland's German Bitters*, they will cure you without fail.

They are prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON, 418 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and are sold by druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States, Canadas and South America, for 75 cents per bottle. See that the signature of C. M. Jackson is on the wrapper of each bottle.

From the New York Day Book.

HAIR DYE IS VILE WASH, but the article that will naturally restore the color of the hair, the changing of which to gray, being an reduction of a lack of proper secretions, is truly a valuable medicine. PROF. WOOD'S HAIR TONIC, of the certificates of the leading minds over the Union, do not falsify, *is the only safe remedy* for baldness, dryness, premature change of color, and the several evidences of a lack of secretions at the roots of the hair, which can be found. Quack preparations abound, and "hair tonics" fill every "corner grocery" in the country. Avoid all "hair tonics" unless known to be the prescription of some man whose celebrity has become worldwide. Do not let any nostrum vender experiment upon your hair. Touch nothing you have not good reason to believe is all that it purports to be. Prof. Wood has earned by years of severe test of the virtues of his preparation, his present fame. Over 150 certificates are before us of the value of this hair restorative, from parties who have tried it. *Use no other.*

CAUTION.—Beware of worthless imitations as several are already in the market, called by different names. Use none unless the words "Professor Wood's Hair Restorative, Depot St. Louis, Mo., and New York," are blown in the bottle. Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers. Also by all Fancy and Toilet goods dealers in the United States and Canadas.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov28-4t

NEVER TOO LATE.—Hundreds just within the fangs of Consumption are saved every year by the faithful use of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. Its success in allaying and curing severe protracted coughs is unprecedented.


## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. GEORGE W. ULMER, to ANN ELIZABETH, daughter of Jos. H. Brooks.

On the 7th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. B. Kennard, Mr. ELLIS M. GARRETT, of Chester county, to Miss HARRIET J. McCALL, of Del. county.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. F. T. Cailhopper, Mr. JOHN S. READ, Jr. to Miss HARRIET KEY, all of Camden, N. J.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, Mr. MATHEW G. VOLUMER, to Miss SARAH A. ELIZABETH, daughter of Fred. and Catherine Simon, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. HENRY M. KNIGHT, of Washington, D. C. to Miss EMILY V. FOLKROD, of this city.

On the 8th of July, by the Rev. Alfred Cookman, Mr. WILLIAM H. ALLEN, to Miss MARY L. MANSFIELD, both of this city.

On the 5th ultimo, by the Rev. H. Jeffery, Mr. JOHN E. CLARK, to Miss ADELAIDE V. SHUPP, both of Philadelphia.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Hartinet, Mr. HENRY J. MURRAY, to Miss UNETTA A. CARLIN, both of this city.

On the 31st of Aug. by the Rev. Jos. B. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM SMITH, of this city, to Miss EMMA C. TOMKINS, of Centreville, Camden county, N. J.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. John Cornish, Mr. JAMES FOUNTON, to Miss CAROLINE PURNELL, both of Philadelphia.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th instant, Mr. JOHN WELSH, Jr. aged 42.
On the 8th instant, CAROLINE C. daughter of Vernon and Mahala Parke, aged 15 years and 5 months.
On the 5th instant, JONATHAN V. DEPUY, aged 43.
On the 6th instant, MARY GORMLEY, aged 35 years.
On the 6th instant, JOHN MAGRA, aged 38 years.
On the 7th instant, Mr. GEORGE W. MANN, aged 53.
On the 7th instant, Mrs. MARY A. LEVICK, aged 21.
On the 7th instant, Sergeant JOSEPH L. PASSER, aged 38 years.
On the 6th instant, MARTHA T. BATTY, aged 31 years.
On the 8th instant, Mr. GEORGE MATHEWS aged 63.
On the 8th instant, ANN E. HARTON, daughter of Mrs. Charles Brown, aged 23 years.
On the 5 h instant, JOHN P. WARRINGTON, aged 41.
On the 7th instant, SAMUEL GARDNER, aged 26 years.
On the 6th instant, ELIZABETH, wife of Jacob Lawson, aged 56 years.
On the 8th instant, MARY STEELE, aged 31 years.
On the 7th instant, JEREMIAH HALE, aged 72 years.
At Frankford, on the 7th instant, C. F. VETTERLEIN, aged 41 years.
On the 6th instant, HENRY MILLER, aged 46 years.
On the 6th instant, MARY J. MILLER, aged 24 years.
On the 5th instant, WILLIAM PARLEY, aged 77 years.
On the 6th instant, Mrs. LUCINA O'HARA, aged 63 years and 11 months.
On the 7th instant, BERNARD SHUGARD, aged 36 years.
On the 6th instant, WILLIAM WAYNE, aged 72 years.
On the 6 h instant, MARK BAKER, Aged 41 years.
On the 2d instant, JOSEPH CAKE, aged 84 years.

## THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,
No. 333 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull.

| | Bid. | Asked. |
|---|---|---|
| **LOANS.** | | |
| U S 6 pr ct | | |
| " " '62 | — | — |
| " " '67 | 110 | — |
| " " '68 | 110 | — |
| " " '85 | — | — |
| Phila 6 pr ct | 85½ | 86 |
| " " new | 89½ | 90 |
| " 5 " | — | — |
| Cam City 6 pr ct | — | — |
| Pitts 6 pr ct | — | — |
| " " coupon | — | — |
| Allg'y City 6 pr ct | — | — |
| " " County | — | — |
| Alle co R R 6's | — | — |
| Penn " | 94½ | 95 |
| " " coupon | 94 | 94½ |
| Tenn 6 pr ct | 84 | 85 |
| " 5 " coupon | 78 | 80 |
| Kentucky 6 pr ct | 90½ | 92 |
| Penn R R 6 pr ct | 94 | 96 |
| 2d m't loan '80 | 78½ | 79 |
| C & Am R R 6 pr ct | 67 | 72 |
| Sch & N R R " | 90 | 92 |
| Reading R R " | 75 | 76 |
| " m't " | 80 | 82 |
| " " 6 pr ct 1856 | 54 | 60 |
| H & Lan R R " | — | — |
| Phila Val R R " | — | — |
| Penn R R " | — | — |
| Phil W & Bal " '80 R 6 pr ct | 86 | 86½ |
| Long I R R " | — | — |
| Sch Nav '82 " | 61½ | 62½ |
| Lehigh Nav " | 88 | 90 |
| Mort " | 87 | 90 |
| C & D Cl " | 65 | 67 |
| Sus & Tid R " | 51½ | 52½ |
| Union Canal " | 25 | 28 |
| Williams & Elmira 1st m't 7 pr ct | 73 | 74 |
| 2d " 7 pr ct | 50 | 51 |
| Catawissa " | 40 | 42 |
| North Penn 6 pr ct | 52½ | 54 |
| **RAILROAD STOCK.** | | |
| Cam & Amboy | 94½ | 100 |
| Penna " | 58 | 58½ |
| Hes Meadow " | 53 | 54 |
| North Penna " | 21 | 21½ |
| Sod Gor & Nor " | 57½ | 57½ |
| Reading " | 25¾ | 26¼ |
| Minehill " | 50½ | 60 |
| Har & Lan " | 52½ | 53 |
| Chester Val " | — | 5 |
| Tioga " | — | — |
| " preferred " | — | — |
| P W & Balt " | 19½ | 20 |
| Long Island " | 9½ | 10 |
| Wil'sport & Elmira " | 12 | 14 |
| Catawissa " | 6 | 6½ |
| **CANAL STOCKS.** | | |
| Sch Nav " | 10 | 11 |
| " preferred " | 16½ | 17 |
| Lehigh Nav " | 50 | 52½ |
| Morris Consolidated " | 42 | 45 |
| " preferred " | 92½ | 94 |
| C & Del " | — | — |
| Union " | — | 44 |
| Sus & Tidewater " | — | — |
| **BANK STOCKS.** | | |
| North Amer " | — | 130 |
| Penna " | 7 | 12 |
| Phila " | — | 80 |
| Far & Mec " | 50½ | 52 |
| Commercial " | 42 | 45 |
| N Liberty " | — | 57 |
| Mechanics " | — | 24 |
| Southwark " | 50 | — |
| P Township " | 25 | — |
| Kensington " | — | 60 |
| Girard " | 9 | 9½ |
| Western " | — | — |
| Man & Mech " | — | 25 |
| Commerce " | — | — |
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In the fall of 1851, a daughter of Mr. Lindsey was suffering from a malignant attack of Cancrum Oris (Canker of the mouth). She had previously been prostrated by the attacks of Dysentery, Inflammation of the Lungs and Hectic Fever, successively, which resulted in the above named disease in its worst form. Her condition was most deplorable—her mouth and cheek were literally rotten—the attending physician pronounced the case a hopeless one. Everything indicated a speedy and horrible death—the smell of rotting out of life. At this critical juncture Mr. Lindsey prepared a compound for the purpose of alleviating, if possible, the pains of the little sufferer. She was made to eat it freely, and, in a short time, to his most delightful astonishment, there was a very perceptible change for the better. The mouth began to put on a bright and healthy appearance—the foul breath became sweet—the appetite was restored, and the child seemed to partake of a new and fresh life.

Hope was inspired, and the use of the compound was faithfully continued, the result of which, with the blessing of God, was her complete restoration. She is now perfectly healthy! From this circumstance, Mr. Lindsey was led to prepare with greater care and exactness, what had so astonishingly cured his child, and continued his experimental efforts until he succeeded in bringing to perfection his *Great Remedy for Blood Impurity*—since which time its effects have been almost miraculous. Hundreds upon hundreds, by it, have been snatched from an untimely grave and restored to the sweets of health and the endearments of friends. The young and old have tested its saving powers, and sing aloud its virtues. Say they—"After using Lindsey's Improved Blood Searcher we felt as if a new life was stirring our veins, and under God we owe to it more than words can express."

But hear from their own lips, and then judge of its valuable effects. The few testimonials that follow show that it is deservedly styled the **Greatest Discovery of this or any other age.** J. M. LINDSEY.

Hollidaysburg, Blair County, Pa.

CERTIFICATES.

PATTONVILLE, Bedford Co., Oct. 14, 1857.

MR. J. M. LINDSEY:—

Dear Sir—I was severely afflicted with rheumatism for a whole year—nine months of which time I was not able to leave my bed—when hearing of the wonderful effects of your improved Blood Searcher, I determined to procure some of it and give it a fair trial. After using three bottles I was able to walk around again as usual, and am now wholly cured. I can recommend it to all who are similarly afflicted, and believe it is all it claims to be.

Yours, truly, JOHN SHAFFER.

A DESPERATE CASE OF TETTER

And BARBER'S ITCH, cured by the use of Lindsey's Blood Searcher. I, the undersigned, some time in last March, was severely afflicted with what was pronounced by my physicians to be a certain kind of Tetter and Barber's Itch. My condition was one of the greatest misery; my face was almost constantly running with the foul corruption that escaped from the Tetter, by which it was almost completely covered. After being under the care of my physicians for near two months, without the least benefit, I was induced to make a trial of Lindsey's Blood Searcher, and the result was that in using one bottle and a-half I found a perfect cure. I may also say that I an early trial whatever was recommended as a cure. Such was my wretchedness that I even resorted to the dangerous experiment of pouring pure creasote on my face and neck, but all to no purpose—the Blood Searcher was the first and only thing that did me any good. As a blood purifier it is unequalled; and I have great reason to be grateful that I ever made a trial of its healing virtues, and can confidently recommend it to any one in need of a remedy for from Tetter, or any other disease arising from an impure state of the blood. JOHN DELEHUNT.

Hollidaysburg, Pa., July 29, 1857.

AN INTERESTING CASE OF SCROFULA

CURED BY ONE BOTTLE OF DR. LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER.

This certifies that about one year ago our little son, aged four years, was most sorely afflicted with what the physicians pronounced to be scrofula, and was treated accordingly for nearly a year, but without the slightest benefit. His eyes were running a thin matter by humor almost constantly; which would encrust his eyes beyond the power of opening them until they had been well cleaned by soap and water. About the same time an abscess formed just below the groin, which in due time broke and commenced a discharge, which was found impossible to dry up or heal—the boy would be very much drained, and the clothing of the child perfectly sickening in a single night's time. After having the attendants of a physicians for so long a time, and finding the child to be getting worse, I determined to try the effects of Mr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher. This was in last March—and before two weeks had passed away the change was manifest, and I am happy to say that in the use of a SINGLE BOTTLE our little boy was been perfectly restored to health. We cannot speak too highly of this invaluable medicine. It should be in every family—none should be without it. As a purifier of the blood it is unequalled.

DANIEL BOLLINGER.

Hollidaysburg, Pa., July 29, 1857.

HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA., March 19, 1857.

DR. J. M. LINDSEY,

Dear Sir: I have been using your Improved Blood-Searcher since some time last summer, and I deem it to be a matter of duty to bear testimony to its incontrovertible *blood restorative virtues*. I have been for a number of years severely troubled with *erysipelas and general debility*: but since I put myself under the influence of your Improved Blood-Searcher, I find a very decided improvement. Indeed, my acquaintances frequently remark, that I look so "fat and hearty;" and I know of no other cause than the use of your Improved Blood-Searcher. Judging from my own experience, I believe that this is one of the most valuable medicines that woman can use, especially those who are or have entered upon the decline of life (from 40 to 50 years of age.) I feel that it would have been a base ingratitude on my part to have withheld this testimony, and in thus consenting to appear as a witness before the public. I have been actuated solely with reference to the voice of conscience and duty. You are at liberty to make whatever use you may deem proper of this statement. Yours respectfully,

MARGARET W. O'DONNELL.

LIVER COMPLAINT CURED

BY LINDSEY'S IMPROVED BLOOD-SEARCHER.

—*Blair county, ss.*—Personally appeared before me, one of the Justices of the Peace, in and for said county, Geo. Kopp, who, being duly sworn according to law, doth depose and say, that he was afflicted with pain in the side for more than two years ago; was attended by two physicians, but received no benefit. Was induced to try Lindsey's Improved Blood-Searcher, and by the use of two bottles was perfectly cured. I feel, to recommend it to all who suffer from Liver diseases, general debility, loss of appetite, and other diseases arising from impurity of the blood. I would not like to do without it. I consider it an excellent family medicine.

(Signed) GEORGE KOPP.

Sworn and subscribed this 16th day of March, A. D., 1857, before me, J. GORLEY, J. P.

NOTE.—Mr. Kopp is a resident of Frankstown, and is well known to the citizens of Blair and Bedford counties as a man of excellent character and influence.

A DESPERATE CASE OF AGUE

AND DYSPEPSIA, entirely cured by the use of Lindsey's "Improved Blood-Searcher."

*Blair county, ss.*—Personally appeared before me, the subscriber, one of the Justices of the Peace, in and for said county, John Morse, who, being duly sworn according to law, doth depose and say, that, in the spring of 1856, I was a victim to that worst of diseases, Dyspepsia, and that in its worst form. My appetite was completely gone, and when, in order to preserve life, I would force myself to swallow a mouthful of food, the stomach would immediately loathe it, and cast it forth with the spittle. I had also been suffering from the Ague, each attack lasting about 9 months out of the 12, so that, with the ague and dyspepsia, I was reduced, as I thought, beyond recovery; I thought I must deny my physicians could do me no good. Such was my condition when Mr. Lindsey supplied me with a bottle of his Improved Blood Searcher, assuring me it would work a cure. I commenced its use with but little confidence, but in one week's time—so great was its restorative powers—I found my appetite to return, my stomach received a new tone, so that I could eat anything without the slightest inconvenience, and before its healing touch the ague fled as from a charm; nor have I been troubled with ague or dyspepsia since. I enjoy a better state of health than I had done for fifteen years before; I am strong and hearty, and I feel confident that, under the blessing of God, I owe all to the invaluable Improved Blood-Searcher. I believe it not to be only a sure remedy for ague, but an infallible *preventive*, and, as such, I would recommend it to all whose business habits, or residence expose them to

# Wit and Humor.

## WHO STOLE THE WINE?

The impropriety of rashly suspecting the honesty of servants is remarkably illustrated by the following incident. For some time past a lady in this city has been annoyed by the disappearance of the contents of her wine-bottles, and had about made up her mind to consult with her son—a recent graduate of a theological college, and of course a very *exemplary* young man—upon the expediency of giving Betty, the chambermaid, her *walking-papers*. The youthful clergyman, *protested* against such a course. He had *no idea* that Betty would do such a thing. "*I* should as soon think of charging *myself* with it," he added, as with a look of virtuous magnanimity he adjusted his tortoise-bowed eye-glass to his nose, and took up a Greek Testament. "We should be careful, my dear mother," he continued, (with the air and tone of Telemaque's Mentor,) "of the good name and reputation of our servants. But for an inscrutable Providence, whose ways are mysterious and past finding out, we might be in the same menial position ourselves. These poor creatures, dependent upon us, are, in one sense at least, members of our family, and we are in some measure accountable for their happiness and well-being." The nice young man crossed his legs as he said this, and reclining a little further back in the luxurious easy-chair, in which he sat facing his mother, tapped his knee with his eye-glass self-approvingly.

"It is a sentiment worthy of you, my dear Augustus," rejoined the gratified parent, (a rather pursy lady, with a long nose that had a tendency to meet her chin,) "but—"

"Beside," said he, interrupting her, the *onus probandi*—I mean, the burden of proof—rests upon *you*. *Laudibus arguitur vini vinosus;* has the girl ever alluded to the wine?"

"Not she, indeed, but nobody has access to it but ourselves and her. You never drink wine, nor do I, (except occasionally when I have that pain in my stomach,) but as sure as I uncork a bottle, it's all gone *in a day or two!* Now, there *is that bottle* there, quite empty now, but last evening almost full of the best sherry! Some your poor, dear father bought before he died, I think."

"Likely," said the graduate to himself, "he couldn't have bought it since, very well!"

"If it were cake, Augustus," continued his progenitress, "we might think it was the rats."

"Lucky thought!" said her son to himself; for, if the truth must be told, he was the real depredator. "*Rats!*" he exclaimed; "my dear mamma, that explains all! Your rat is an *cadet de haut appétit*, as our French professor used to say; and when he cannot find anything else, he will take wine."

"But how could the rats get at it? Besides, Betty gave them some arsenic!" said his mother.

"*Magna est veritas et prevalebit!*" cried the divinity student, rising on the excitement of a gratifying discovery. "Behold, my dear mother, what injustice you have done to your maid, and how slow we all ought to be to impute blame to our fellow-beings."

His mother gazed at him with astonishment.

"Mark, also, my dear madam," he continued, oracularly, (his spindle legs spread like a tripod, as he emphasized his words with his eye-glass, with one hand upon the fore-finger of the other,) "how providential it was that I applied myself so closely to studies at college, especially to the study of Natural History! Listen, now. *Indocti discant, et ament meminisse periti*, as we say in Latin. Arsenic, you say, has been placed in the pantry, from time to time, for the rats. Very well, what was the natural consequence? '*Gravi virus mandities pepulit*,' the rat is disagreeably affected by his perilous repast, and though accustomed to *gnawing* sensations, cannot endure the intolerable thirst from which everybody suffers more or less, when he eats arsenic. There was no water in the pantry, I presume!"

"[illegible] not even milk," replied his [illegible]stener, all attention.

"I thought so," said he; "and nothing of a liquid nature, except wine. Here we find the key to the mystery. Betty's innocence is vindicated; the imbiber of the wine was a rat! *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*, as the poet says."

"But—but—" said the good old lady, stammering, and a little incredulous, "how under the sun, moon, and stars, could—"

"I know what you would say, my dear madam," exclaimed the crafty rogue, interrupting her. "You would say—using a very clever and comprehensive astronomical allusion—how under the sun, moon, and stars,"(those heavenly bodies, which are over all the animal kingdom,) could a rat extract the cork from a bottle, and drink the contents?"

"That's what I should like to know, my son," replied the lady, resuming her seat, but still regarding his countenance with deep interest; meanwhile flattering herself that he would some day make a great man, an eminent divine, and quite likely the president of a college.

"You had drawn the cork," said he, "and left it handy to take out again with your fingers, without the aid of the screw? Very well. You will admit that the rat could easily remove the cork: but how get at the *wine?* Now mark the sequel, and admire the instinct of that wonderful little animal! In many respects, instinct is fully equal to intellect. The instinct of animals is wonderful, madam, truly wonderful! Your own early studies, and large subsequent reading and experience, have doubtless assured you of that fact. Professor Agassiz relates many marvellous illustrations of instinct even in the oyster; but rats, mother! ah! you ought to read Cuvier upon rats. And then that article recently on the same subject, in the *London Quarterly!* Why, they know as much as a man, and a good deal more than some old women! Strange as it may appear, they have been known to abstract the contents from bottles of syrup, cider, wine, etc."

"By upsetting them, then," protested the gentlewoman.

"Not at all," rejoined the young savan; "on the contrary, they do not lose a drop. The plan is a simple one, as you will admit when you come to think of it. They push the wine to a convenient place—say directly under the edge of a shelf, or near a box that's somewhat higher than the bottle, and thus get up to it. One of the rats then inserts his tail into the bottle, up to the hub, (or terminus of the spinal column,) and draws it carefully out again. The other is on hand, you may rest assured, to receive, instantaneously, the dripping end of this novel syphon into his mouth. When he has imbibed all that it carries, the caudal appendage is again inserted, and again withdrawn from the bottle, and the liquor which it bears with it, is disposed of in precisely the same manner as the first sample; and this process is repeated *ad infinitum;* each rat taking his turn, not exactly as cup-bearer, but as tail-bearer, for his partner in the business. This, my dear madam, is an established fact in Natural History," added this highly-educated young man, observing his mother's eyes wide open with astonishment; "but I do not wonder at your surprise. I should not believe it myself, but that it is well attested by such men as Agassiz and others, who make a science of everything, from a rat up to a universe."

"It is indeed wonderful!" cried the old lady, drawing a long breath.

"And entirely exculpates poor Betty," rejoined the triumphant vindicator of virtue in humble life. "You ought to give her a new dress, mother."

"I shall, at any rate, send her for a carpenter to stop up those rat-holes," said his mamma. And here ends our anecdote.—*Knickerbocker.*

DUMFOUNDERING A CANDIDATE.—A man of unblemished character was a candidate for a large constituency, and the following means were used to get rid of him. At a large public meeting an elector got up and said,

"I demand the exercise of my right to ask that candidate a question. Will he answer me *Yes* or *No*, like an honest man?"

"Undoubtedly I will."

A most incautious promise, as the reader will guess.

"Well, then," said the elector, "I ask that gentleman, *Who killed his Washerwoman?*"

What was the poor man to say? What *yes* or *no* could answer the question. He hesitated, he stammered—the meeting was against him; he was hustled out of the room, and to this day he labors under the grave imputation, in many people's minds, of having feloniously accelerated the death of some unfortunate, and perhaps ill-used washerwoman.

ONE OF LAMB'S HITS.—A retired cheesemonger, who hated any allusions to the loathsome mongrel, that had enriched him, said to Charles Lamb, in course of discussion on the Poor Laws—

"You must bear in mind, sir, that I have got rid of that sort of stuff which you poets call the 'milk of human kindness.'"

Lamb looked at him steadily, and gave his acquiescence in these pithy words—

"Yes, I am aware of that—you turned it all into cheese several years ago."

Exit cheesemonger, complaining of a sudden touch of toothache.

## MORE NOVELTY.

The Misses Weasel think crinoline a preposterous and extravagant invention, and appear at Mrs. Roundabout's party in a simple and elegant attire. —*From the London Punch.*

# Agricultural.

## STANDING AND FLYING LEAPERS

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

In my last article I alluded to the bad judgment exhibited in driving horses at their fences at improper speed. I stated the usual results to be either the habit of baulking, refusing, or rushing at them with an impetuosity that does not allow the using their instinct in taking them in such way as to (barring peculiar circumstances) ensure their doing so with safety. I will now go much further, and endeavor to prove that on many occasions, and at many leaps, riding a horse injudiciously fast at them, renders it physically impossible for the animal to accomplish the leap. We will admit that velocity enables man or horse to clear a longer leap than if he went gently to it: but this velocity, so far from giving additional power in leaping high, directly militates against it: neither man, horse, or any other animal can use the upspring necessary to a high leap when running at the top of their speed. Top speed, as it were, ties them to the ground, from which they cannot effectually rise while expending their powers in pace. As illustrative of this fact, most of my readers have seen the vaulters on the stage or in the ring at our amphitheatres: they have perhaps remarked that all high jumps are done at little more than a walk; the man must reserve to himself the power of making (what I term) the *upspring*. Now, with the man who turns a summersault over the backs of four or five horses, the case is different: he will be seen to run with all the force and speed the space will admit of; he wants the *forward* impetus, and he gets it by velocity. Again, I have, and doubtless my readers have also, seen a lot of boys amusing themselves by leaping a rail or stick set up for the purpose: the boys will each run at it with all their powers of speed; the consequence is, they none of them jump any height worth mentioning—they show about as much judgment as does the man riding his horse at a high leap at anything like top speed. I do not hesitate in saying, no horse should be thus ridden at any fence exceeding (say) four feet in height. I do not say this on the score of the danger to horse or man, in case of a mistake at timber (though an awful catastrophe to happen); I say it on the principle of its being next to impossible to leap high if otherwise ridden. I should say the same if the most yielding obstacle presented itself that we want a horse to surmount, and not to knock down.

There is another objection to riding at speed at fences: horses in this space usually extend themselves, the very thing we should try to prevent. I rarely ever saw a very long striding horse a safe and perfect fencer. If the reader will consider the thing, he will see that it must be so. It is all chance whether a horse with a long stride finishes that stride at the proper taking-off distance or not; he may finish his stride at that particular distance from the fence that he has not room (in accordance with his style of going) to make another, and thus takes off so far from his fence as to render it uncertain whether he has power to clear this distance, added to the width of the fence before him. Old and very practised leapers will of themselves *shorten* their stride when coming to a fence; in this they show more instinct than does the injudicious rider who drives them heedlessly at it

I am quite ready to admit that wide water requires velocity to enable the horse to clear it; but old water-jumpers know too well what they are at to go striding up to it; they (if permitted) will, like a man intending to make a wide jump, go at it with great force and velocity, but with shortened steps in the one case, and shortened stride in the other. When horses once thoroughly understand their business as hunters, it is extraordinary the instinct they will show, if, as I say, *permitted* to do so; and in the case of such horses it would be greatly to their advantage and that of their rider (that is, *some* riders), if his arms were pinioned, and his heels too. Wild-jumping young horses are pretty sure to make a mess of water-jumping, unless very judiciously ridden: most of such jump high, as at a fence; their powers are wasted by this, and the consequence is they come souse into it; or, if they land their forelegs on the opposite bank, their hind legs fall into the water. If the rider attempts, while on their back, to make them struggle *out*, the chances are they struggle in, and then both get a bath. The only way in such an emergency is for the rider to throw himself off on land, if he can: if not, let him make up his mind (as a Pat would say) to land in the water, scramble out as fast as he can, and if his horse still stands rampant with his fore legs on the land, if he can get hold of the bridle-reins, by the aid of these, and the horse being lightened of his load, he perhaps may scramble out too; if not, they have only to take a sociable walk side by side, one on land, the other in the water, till they find a practicable landing-place.

Independent of what I have said as regards riding at fences in a general way, we have to take into consideration, among other things, the state of the horse at the time. After what I have said, there may be persons living who knew me as a very young rider to hounds, and my conscience twits me that such persons have often heard me say, "Keep their heads straight and they'll all go." While entertaining such opinions, be it borne in mind that I have said I was very young. However, in a general way, a young, high-spirited, courageous horse will certainly jump *somehow*, if ridden boldly at a fence; but I very shortly found that such a system alone was not the right one to *make* hunters. We will say they will clear nine fences in ten; but if they come down a "burster" at every tenth, we will say nothing of its probable results to the man, but shall find that a repetition of heavy falls cows the horse, and his pristine courage leaves him: if so, he is spoiled as a hunter, at least for the time. People may say "he will learn to be careful by tumbling in or over;" this will be found to be a mistake. It will make him *timid*, but not *careful*. How should he become so when he has never been taught the right and safe way of taking his fences? He does what such riding has taught him to do—goes boldly and fearlessly at it, and jumps as high or wide as he can. This is all very well while he has all his vigor in him, but brings him into trouble as soon as that is expended, and brings me back to where I started, that we must consider the state a horse is in when riding him at a leap. Whether he be a young or practised one; while a horse is fresh, it is very pretty to feel the swing he takes in covering a large leap at once; but he cannot do that when a little beat—he must come it "one two;" and if we ride him with the ill-judgment of thinking that as near top speed as he can master will carry him over, we shall find it will not. Common sense tells us a half-tired horse must get over a fence as he can, which we must allow him to do by giving him time to do so. In no particular is early, judicious and gradual teaching a horse made more manifest than when exhaustion calls into practice all the little shifts we have taught him while fresh; they are a vital resource for him to fall back upon when in difficulty, and unless the rider permits him to do so, it may occasion a catastrophe that may prevent his riding again, or for the season, as the case may be.—*London Field.*

## CLEAR SYRUP FROM SORGHUM.

All sorts of experiments have been tried with the Chinese sugar cane this year. We are all going to become sugar planters, and are now in the apprentice state—learning the best modes of cultivating the cane and manufacturing it into molasses.

We shall continue to extract the most important facts from the details communicated by different individuals to the different papers, so that our readers may be furnished with an abstract of the most important facts and conclusions brought forward in this interesting stage of the business. Wm. Tenney, of Henry county, Ala., gives some of his experience in raising the cane and manufacturing the sugar, in the Cotton Planter and Soil of the South.

He planted an acre of pine land, harvested 20 bushels of seed, 1,000 pounds of fodder from the leaves, and 100 gallons of first-rate, pure syrup.

He says "the juice expressed from the stalks is of an *opaque green color*, occasioned by the presence of a considerable quantity of *vegetable extract*, held in mechanical mixture in the saccharine juice." This matter comes from the green rinds and parts of leaves encircling the stalk.

"Now, the great difficulty," says he, "in making a large yield of syrup, is to get rid of the *green vegetable extract*, and the acids of the juice; for the residue, *pure transparent juice*, will make *transparent syrup*.

"It is fortunate for us in this process, that phosphoric and sulphuric acids abound in the rind and leaves, and are in close union with the *green vegetable extract* of the juice, which we have to get rid of before making good syrup.

"In order to accomplish this," he says "I first added lime to 120 gallons of the juice, and only made 20 gallons of the syrup, with a greenish tinge. Lime will neutralise the acids, but the specific gravity of its compound with the acids is too great for them to rise and remain on the surface of the juice to be skimmed off. This failed. Almost everybody will follow this process this year, and fail to make a large yield of clear syrup.

"It next occurred to me to try *super carbonate of soda* as a *purifier and neutralizer*. It proved to be all we could desire. Having filled a boiler with juice (150 gallons,) and applying a moderate fire, as soon as gentle boiling commenced, and the *first* general skimming had been done, I took 2 pounds of the *super carbonate of soda* by the side of the kettle, and mixing one tea-spoonful with half a pint of cold water, poured it into the boiling juice.

"The alkali (soda) rapidly combining with the phosphate and sulphuric acid, abounding in the *green vegetable extract*, the compound foamed high over the surface of the juice, but soon subsided into a dark greenish scum floating on the surface. In a few minutes this scum becomes of a thick consistency, and can be removed by perforated ladles or skimmers without losing any juice.

"This process of pouring into the kettle of juice, half a pint of water with one teaspoonful of soda in solution must be repeated every 6 or 8 minutes, and the scum thrown off for 1 to 1½ hours if necessary; at least until the 2 pounds of soda has been used up. During this skimming process a gentle fire must be kept up, and the juice must not be allowed to come to a general boiling over the entire surface, but only at two sides at farthest. Two to three pounds of soda are sufficient for 150 gallons of juice, according as it is fully ripe or not. Bear in mind that this adding of soda and skimming, must be continued until all the green coloring vegetable extract is thrown out of the kettle in the form of scum, which will be indicated by the juice now becoming of a light transparent color. As soon as this is perceived to be the case, boil down to the *syrup point*, and strike off into coolers.

"By this process, 160 gallons of good, ripe juice will make 40 gallons of good syrup, that is 1 gallon to 4 of juice. The reason of this is obvious. By the old process of using lime, as its compounds with the acids are too heavy to float as scum, a higher point of ebullition is required, when the foam is skimmed off which contains a large portion of the juice.

"The *pure juice* is *transparent* like water, the *pure syrup* is like castor oil in appearance. * * * A slight burning of the saccharine particles gives an amber color to the best of syrup."

## CARE OF FARM STOCK.

Winter has come, and cattle can find but little in the fields, though the ground is bare. Let them now have a supply from the barns. It is not good policy to pinch them in the fore part of winter.

When the ground is frozen fast, cattle will not waste much, though the hay and stalks may be scattered around the cow-yard. Yet it is better to have racks around the yard, though they consist of posts and rails only.

Racks in a cow-yard ought to be square or round, like a hay stack. Then cattle have not so good a chance to corner each other and take an undue advantage of position. Long racks are of little use compared with their length.—One animal will drive off all others from a rack fifteen feet long; but a square rack, four feet each way, will accommodate four animals without the risk of cornering or fighting at a disadvantage. A number of cattle are seen around a small stack of hay, and the underlings seem in no fear of the master cattle. For they can fly off from the stack in a tangent, and be at once clear of the horns of their assailants.

But the cows and old cattle may be tied up with easy bows or chains where their food is to be supplied with more regularity. The owner of cattle thus tied, usually takes care to place before them a small quantity at a time. He feeds them not less than twice in the morning before he turns them out to water, and to pick up the scatterings in the yard.

But farmers with large stocks of cattle are obliged to depend on others in a great degree; on hirelings, as the Scripture saith. Many of these will prefer to feed out at once what would answer for the whole day. It is a short cut for foddering, and the owner must see to the business, or his cattle will come out poor in the spring.

Cattle must have water, of course, and the warmest water in winter is best. A deep well affords warm water, but it soon cools in the trough. Farmers who are so located as to have running water from high springs, can very easily have warm water in their yards through the day. The lead pipe which conveys the water may be made to pass through a fireplace or a stove at a very little cost, thence to the trough in the yard. Farmers who supply milk through the winter season, would find their account in furnishing warm water for their cows in that season.

CARDING CATTLE.—We think there is no doubt that grown cattle need to be daily carded. Young cattle may do well enough without a card, but the old ones should have their hides scratched to keep the pores of the skin open.—Card them at a certain time of day, and they will like the operation.

Pigs and hogs like to be carded, but we cannot spare time to gratify them. They must be satisfied with rubbing against a post in the middle of the pen.

LICE ON YOUNG CATTLE.—Look closely into the coats of young cattle now, and let not any vermin live on their necks and backs. It is an easy matter to kill these lice, and as all lousy cattle come out poor in the spring, it is barbarous to let such small mites as lice have their own way through the winter.

Farmers find out in the spring that their calves are poor and lousy, and they make a stir for a remedy.

Any greasy matter, well rubbed in, will kill these lice. Ashes sifted on their backs will do it. Yellow snuff costs but little, and is better than the juice of tobacco. Fine sand sifted on them will drive off lice; the only objection to sand is that it causes an itching on old cattle in the spring.

FODDER—STABLES.—To winter with corn fodder, well cured, is preferable to hay; there is more sugar in it, and the milk will be sweeter. Feed for cows should be guarded, too, so that while they have enough, they will not acquire a wasteful habit. A working ox requires two per cent. a day, of his own weight, of food; a milking cow, three per cent. Thus, if an ox weighs 2,000 pounds, he requires 40 pounds of hay; if a cow weighs 1,000 pounds, she requires 30 pounds of hay. This amount may be varied a little, to suit the condition of the stable. If the stable is warm and clean, cattle, in the winter, do not require as much feed, into a third, as those do that go unhoused. It is the consumption of food in the body that gives out animal heat. If animals are unsheltered, more food is required to furnish the heat that a good stable would give, if furnished. These stables for cattle and sheep should be placed on rollers, so as to be movable from one part of the farm to another, so as to distribute the liquid nitrogen equally over the farm. The economy of good stables is evident, from the fact that a starving man will freeze with half the cold that would be required to freeze a well-fed person. Economy, as well as humanity, requires that cattle and sheep should be well sheltered in winter.

In the winter, too, when cows that give milk have to be stabled, they should be fed with corn meal occasionally, to supply the phosphate of lime required for the production of good milk; a handful mixed occasionally with the *mess* will pay tenfold its cost in the richness of the milk. If milkmen would take this method of thickening their milk, instead of adding chalk and magnesia to it, they would find it much cheaper, and the consumer would like it much better.

The beef of cattle thus housed is far more tender and sweet than that which has been toughened by the blasts of winter and starvation. If farmers would shelter their young cattle intended for beef, and bring them, by good treatment and a course of feeding, to maturity at three years of age, they would find it far more profitable than to bring them to maturity at five years, as they save two years' keeping, and the interest on the price of the animal. —*N. E. Farmer.*

☞ Those friends have always proved best whom I never sought, but who were sent to me unexpectedly.—*Mrs. Hawkes.*

# The Riddler.

### HISTORICAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 54 letters.

My 1, 8, 30, 53, 20, 15, 28, 32, was the commander of the British at the Battle of Cowpens.

My 2, 6, 46, 25, 33, 41, 12, is a county in Massachusetts.

My 3, 4, 29, 34, 43, 30, 47, 1, 29, 46, was the man, who, to perpetuate his name, set fire to the celebrated Temple of Diana, at Ephesus.

My 4, 28, 20, 21, 26, 27, 43, 45, 30, is a city in New York.

My 5, 9, 20, 31, 33, was a King of England, before the Norman Conquest.

My 6, 13, 23, 52, 8, 32, 47, is a county in Pennsylvania.

My 7, 15, 26, 32, 43, 29, 30, was a Grecian, whose voice is said to have been as strong and as loud as the voices of fifty men together.

My 8, 53, 54, 3, 28, 20, 41, 13, 16, is a city in Pennsylvania.

My 9, 26, 53, 3, 28, 32, was an early Spanish discoverer.

My 10, 36, 31, 23, 41, 52, 54, is a county in Indiana.

My 11, 36, 32, 52, 53, 6, 8, was a wife of Neptune, god of the sea.

My 12, 22, 25, 17, 2, 8, 13, is a city in Persia.

My 13, 58, 30, 43, 40, was lord-keeper during the reign of Charles II. of England.

My 11, 30, 42, 39, 13, is a county in Georgia.

My 15, 21, 32, 43, 47, 53, 29, 31, was a King of Paphlagonia, who was punished for his barbarity and impiety.

My 16, 21, 43, 45, 48, is a county in New York.

My 17, 24, 27, 39, 52, 13, 26, 43, 28, 32, was a most illustrious American, whose "*history is that of his country.*"

My 18, 21, 46, 52, 53, 1, 28, 32, is a city in Canada West.

My 19, 24, 32, 43, 44, 45, was a Princess of Cyprus, noted for her beauty.

My 20, 24, 30, 35, 30, 53, 54, is a county in New Hampshire.

My 21, 28, 30, 9, was a celebrated English outlaw, who flourished in the 12th century.

My 22, 24, 53, 3, 40, is a city in Massachusetts.

My 23, 26, 37, 41, 42, 22, 9, 22, was a noted philosopher of Cyrene.

My 24, 31, 0, 10, 22, 28, 32, is a county in Vermont.

My 25, 28, 25, 39, 47, 46, was an Englishman who attempted to form a settlement at the mouth of the Kennebec, in 1606.

My 26, 30, 52, 3, is a county in New York.

My 27, 47, 53, 46, 28, 39, 41, 20, 31, was a King of Ells.

My 28, 34, 51, 45, 38, 35, is a city in New York.

My 29, 53, 7, 15, 26, 30, was an English Earl, famous for his strength and prowess.

My whole it would be well to remember.

GAHMEW.

### GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 29 letters.

My 1, 27, 18, 9, 12, is a river in South America.

My 13, 8, 5, is a town in Peru.

My 7, 11, 21, 27, is a river in South America.

My 4, 27, 22, 27, 13, is a town in Turkey.

My 20, 24, 26, 14, 16, 27, 20, is a country in Europe.

My 16, 3, 25, 19, 6, is a river in Germany.

My 4, 2, 27, 1, 18, is a river in Indiana.

My 5, 15, 7, 24, 23, 13, is a town in Indiana.

My 17, 18, 23, 28, 2, is a river in Persia.

My whole was an important event to Europe.

Marshall, Ill. M. F. M.

### CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a name that is dear unto all,
And is one which in danger most children call.
My second, the name of a brave tribe will give,
Whose founder—in days that are long past—did live
On the coast of the Mediterranean sea;
An adder his emblem—yet a magistrate he.
My third has one brother; is single—and true
To his singular sect, will have nothing to do
With those who are not of the single kind too.
My fourth—most unwieldy—in ages gone by,
The strength of walled cities did frequently try:—
In deuetude now—its prototype still
Exists—and oft shows his "rush-head" will,
In mock'ry as 'twere of the ancients' war skill.
My whole's the place, whither a fugitive fled
From a brother enraged—and met a fair maid,
Whom he afterwards took—though a relative near—
As his partner for life—but he purchased her dear.

Stamford, Co. S. F. R.

### CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When winter's chilly breath
Sweeps through the leafless vale,
You will find my first as cold as death,
On the murmuring brook and rill.

Far down in the deep, blue sea,
Where the sportive fishes stray,
'Tis there my second will be found
Among the shells at play.

When summer's parching heat
Makes you thirsty and oppressed,
My whole with joy you'll greet,
To cool your throbbing breast.

Pittsburg, Pa. I. A. M.

### RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Erase my 1, and I am done by many.
Erase my 2, and I am a nickname.
Erase my 3, and I am a favorite.
Erase my 4, and I am a vegetable.
Erase my 4, transpose, and I am a man animal.
Erase my 2, transpose, and I am a gentle blow.
Erase my 1, transpose, and I am a plant.
My whole is a species of turf.

Cape Island, N. J. J. F. McGOVERN.

### ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. Lame, sit on it.
2. I tend courts.
3. To sin, cut corn.
4. Nails of ropes.
5. Surely, Cim, I bit no man.
6. Misers nip one later.
7. I deem it oren't.
8. If I expect no mail.
9. Ris, phantom.
10. Made in pint pots.
11. O! at dinner time.
12. There we sat.
13. I stare not up.
14. I'm cruel fun.
15. Sam Ren, do it not.
16. To brat Sam.

GEORGE W. DUFFIELD.

### GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Thirty-six equal circles touch each other externally, and inclose between the points of contact one acre. Required, the diameters of the circles?

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

### CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ Why is the word giddiness like your head? Ans.—Because there are two I's in it.

☞ What word is that, which, if you take away the first letter, all will still remain? Ans.—Ball.

☞ Why are several persons wrangling like a boy's name? Ans.—Because its a muss. (Amos.)

☞ Why is a jackass like one of the five great lakes? Ans.—Because he's ery. (Erie.)

Pottstown, Pa. I. J. P.

### ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Caius Marcius Coriolanus, a Roman General. ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—Emigration to California. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Deliberate attentively upon what you would do but once. CHARADE.—Nightingale. (Night-in-gale.) CHARADE.—Parasol. (Par-a-sol.) CHARADE.—Address (Ad-dress.) ANAGRAMS.—Constantinople, Rome, Cork, Seville, Dresden, Liverpool, Cracow, Athens, Stutgard, Hamburg. GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.—16 inches.

☞ Delicacy is to the affections what grace is to beauty.—*Mme. de Maintenon.*